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PHOTOPLAY

EDITOR : MAE MURRAY

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The Ideal Christmas Gift (see page 9)

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MARIO

MARIO

MARIO

LANZA !



HE can milk a cow. He has an uncanny memory for faces and facts but experiences great difficulty in remembering names.

His highest note is a D Natural above a High C. He is innately a gay spirit, weighs 180 pounds and believes that women in general are much happier to-day than they were fifty years ago despite the seeming contradiction of the divorce rate.

His legal name is Mario Lanza.

He has never played solitaire, and invariably eats vanilla ice-cream for dessert.

He would like to have six children. He never goes to a Turkish bath and finds it impossible to be on time for any appointment except for business.

He is afflicted with an insatiable appetite and consequently is on a perpetual diet. He was christened Alfred Arnold Cocozza.

He thinks Madison, Wisconsin, the most beautiful city he's ever seen. He plays gin rummy "like mad" and his friends refer to him as "probably the luckiest and stupidest player in the world."

He hates to go shopping with his wife.

He has no faith in fortune-tellers or astrologers. He would like to own a yacht some day and reads himself to sleep no matter how tired he is. His eyes are black.

He never wears a hat.

His mother calls him Freddy, he takes vitamins all day long, and

He's crazy about gay people and wild patterned ties. He has an Irish wife, weeps at sad movies and finds excitement in the crowds that keep calling for—Mario Lanza

Elissa, in her mother's arms, is the youngest of Mario's two daughters. He hopes to have six children



believes good taste is more instinctive than cultivated.

He takes lukewarm showers and cites the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen. He has a cocker spaniel named "Tenor."

He has an aversion to manual labour and his wife laments his "horrible taste" in neckties of wild, crazy patterns.

His first job—at twenty-one—was moving pianos and one of his initial assignments was making a delivery to Philadelphia's Academy of Music where the great Koussevitsky was to conduct a concert that evening. Standing in a room across the hall from the conductor's dressing-room, he gave forth with unbridled voice to "Vesti La Giubba" and at that moment lost his job. Koussevitsky demanded the identity of this singer and not long afterwards Mario Lanza was the conductor's guest and well on his way to becoming one of the world's great tenors.

His guiding philosophy has always been his father's admonition: "Think of the art and to hell with the money."

He is built like a weight-lifter and dislikes so-called modern furniture.

He has no superstitions, dislikes cats and declares that his mother has had the greatest influence on his life.

He has a canary and a parakeet, and is utterly without system or orderliness; he drops his clothes all over the house and can never find anything. He is 5ft. 11½in. tall.

Lanza means a flying lance, in Spanish.

He served three years in the Army Air Force. He is an excited spectator at boxing and football matches.

He plays no tennis, no golf, has never been seasick and was born in a two-storey brick house with marble steps: "You know, there are whole rows of them, like you see in any big town."

He married Betty Hicks, sister of an Army pal, April 13, 1945. He cannot remember telephone numbers and every time he calls his own home he asks his manager what the number is.

He is very fond of soft drinks.

He used to be a chain smoker—averaged two and a half packets a day, plus two or three cigars and "maybe a pipe in between." But during the filming of *Toast of New Orleans*, he abandoned smoking altogether, deciding it was bad for his voice. He made his Grand Opera debut at New Orleans in *Madame Butterfly*.

He always remains seated at a stage performance, never going out between the acts. He has a passion for pizza.

He likes his steaks slightly undercooked but prefers the outside cut of roast beef. He was offered many scholarships as a result of his athletic prowess at school.

He likes flying but never does it because it affects his ears and he is unable to sing for days afterwards. He is "crazy" about caviare; at one sitting he ate 200 dollars worth, paid for by Harry Zellzer, concert impresario. (Continued on page 44)

Meet me

Starring
BETTY GRABLE
With
MACDONALD CAREY



Macdonald Carey congratulates his wife, Betty Grable, on her success in a big production number in his show



Carey and Betty are reunited, much to the consternation of Eddie Albert, who had been Betty's partner in a show

STAGE producer Jeffrey Ames (Macdonald Carey) and his wife and star, Delilah (Betty Grable) were happy until Delilah discovered that her husband's new show was being financed by Gloria Carstairs (Lois Andrews).

Naturally, Jeff had to meet his financial backer, and shortly Delilah's suspicions were aroused. She then instructed her lawyer to arrange for a separation.

Jeff encouraged Chris Leeds (Eddie Albert), a singer in the show, to make

after the show



Betty's attentions to Eddie Albert worry Macdonald Carey, as she is suffering from a bad case of amnesia



Whilst pretending she is suffering from amnesia, Betty makes friends and has dinner with roving Rory Calhoun

love to Delilah, but she is injured in a car smash.

Jeff, accompanied by Chris, at once rushed to see her, and found that she was suffering from loss of memory.

When a stranger called Hemingway (Rory Calhoun) announced that Delilah was going to marry him, Jeff became violent, got a knock on the head, and lost his memory also!

But—the show must go on! And when it opened in New York, it was an enormous success for all concerned. (20th-Century-Fox, Photographed in Technicolor)





Lovely Mother Christmas, Hollywood style, is Patrice Wymore, who will soon be seen in *Starlift*

BEHIND THE NEWS: No wonder Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner's nerves are on edge these days! Ruthless reporters are giving them very good reasons. A mild illness from a sleeping-pill allergy turned into a "suicide attempt" story on Frank, when it hit front pages.

Once, when Ava neglected to smile in public, another "feud" story resulted. Someone even tried to rumour a romance with Clark Gable.

Now here's a near-tragedy that *did* happen to Ava, but every reporter missed it. She was driving her beautiful Cadillac up to Lake Tahoe, to vacation while Frank appeared in a Las Vegas night club. Suddenly a deer leaped out in front of her. Ava swerved into the opposite traffic lane, but fortunately no cars were passing. The car was damaged, and she had it fixed at the nearest garage.

When she started out again, the hood became unfastened, flew back and smashed into the windshield. Ava was terror-stricken, the car almost turned over, but she managed to stop

INSIDE

CAL YORK'S

before she fainted! Cal hopes that with Frank's divorce, he and Ava will be spared any further heartache.

Casual Casualty: Tony Curtis tells it on himself, which is one more reason why Cal thinks he's one of the most unaffected guys in Hollywood. It seems a publicity man who was really going to town, put out a

story that Tony *bled* red blood when Piper Laurie bit his lip during a love scene!

"I received a letter from some G.I.s in Korea," he said sheepishly. (Tony *didn't* remind us that he was in the last war himself!) "They sympathised with me because I was suffering such hardships, while they were living a lush life where they were. Because they felt so sorry for me, they said, they enclosed—an adhesive plaster!"

Blessed Events: Shirley Temple Black denies the report that she is expecting a baby, while the Jeffrey Hunters (Barbara Rush) only wish the report about them were true... It's a girl for the grateful Robert Ryans who optimistically promised their two sons a baby sister.

James Mason's favourite role is playing godfather to John Antony Fregonese, whose super-glamorous Mom is Faith Domergue. The wee one has a half-sister whose father is Ted Stauffer, who is Hedy Lamarr's current husband... Marshall Thompson and Buddy Ebsen exchanged cigars in the father's waiting-room when their respective wives gave birth to baby girls.

Sharon Patricia Cummings timed her world entrance to take place the day after Bob departed for New York to do a play with Ann Sothern.

Tomorrow's Twinklers: It was Sunday afternoon at the Ocean House. All eyes on the terrace turned on two young



Posing for Robert Taylor is Deborah Kerr. Both were in Rome for *Quo Vadis*—on its way to your local cinema



STUFF

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

Love's sweet song : Donna Reed gets her first real love part on the screen in *The Hero*

There, now we're all set : last-minute adjustments to Barbara Stanwyck's hair style for *The Man with a Cloak*

ladies having lunch—Miss Gigi Perreau and her “young” sister, Janine Perreau.

While Gigi was quite the mistress of the situation, Janine put up a beautiful little battle to keep her poise and dignity. Amused by it all, a solicitous old gentleman stopped by their table.

“May I ask if you are a movie star, too?” he asked Janine. With righteous indignation she held her head high. “Certainly not,” she answered icily, “I am an actress!”

Patron Saint : Attention teenagers. Ask Mum and Dad about Gareth Hughes, who was a handsome young star with the popularity and appeal of a Farley Granger. Today, the kindly, white-haired Gareth is known as Brother David, who devotes his life to the under-privileged American Indians.

Gareth visited Hollywood recently and came to call on Cal. “Hollywood people have been so kind in helping me with my work,” he told us, “especially Marion Davies. She sent me a little car so that I could transport the sick and the dead.”

“Mark Stevens is another who encloses a cheque in every letter.” This friendship dates back to Mark's testing for *The Corn Is Green*, when Gareth was called back to coach the Welsh accents.

Hollywood Is Amused : By Marlon Brando and Russell the Raccoon. When Marlon's mother arrived for a visit recently, she surprised him by bringing his pet with her to the set of *Viva Zapata!* Completely unimpressed by Hollywood and movie-making, Russell finally had to be locked up in Marlon's car outside the sound stage. Judging by what he did to the interior of the vehicle, Russell is rehearsing to be a critic!

By Jimmy Cagney, who finished *Come Fill the Cup* and went to Chicago to purchase a special breed of Scotch Highland cattle.

The one and only “Cag,” who wanted the cattle for beef-eating purposes, took one look at their long red hair and bulging eyes. “I can't do it,” he moaned mockingly. “It would be just like eating my own brother!”

The \$64 Question : Fans, exhibitors, everyone who saw Janice Rule in *Goodbye, My Fancy*, was taken with her talent.

Tony Beauchamp, portrait photographer of international fame, pronounced her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

The studio was ecstatic about her dancing with Gene Nelson in the yet-to-be-seen *Starlift*, and supposedly had brilliant plans for her future.

So what happens? At option time they don't renew her contract! Cal was as stunned as everyone else. Some say Janice tried to run the works. We doubt it, but even so, many stars have survived a similar phase when they hit the big time in Hollywood.

Both Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox have already sent for Janice. We can only wish her the good fortune we're sure she'll have.

Junior Mischief : Too young and tender to care for Hollywood parties, Debra Paget found herself with a popular host-about-town on her hands, who wouldn't take no for an answer.

Finally she agreed to accept his invitation if she could bring someone with her. “Okay,” he sighed. “But make sure that your escort dresses for dinner.”

Said Debra as she sighed: “Okay—but my mother's going to look awfully funny in a tuxedo!”

The leading siren in *David and Bathsheba*, Susan Hayward celebrates at Romanoff's with husband Jess Barker



INSIDE STUFF

Predictions : His name is Tab Hunter, he's a twenty-year-old handsome blond, built like the answer to a teenager's dream. Linda Darnell saw his screen test, and presto, he was signed to play opposite her in *Saturday Island*, being made in Jamaica. Keep tab on Tab, who's really going places.

His name is Vince Edwards, he played the title role in the New York-made *Mr. Universe*. He's Italian, a former Olympic swimming star who looks something like Charlton Heston. He's taller and more muscular than Burt Lancaster. Producer Hal Wallis (who saw him on television and signed him without screen test) is so enthusiastic, Vince will play opposite Lizabeth Scott in his first Hollywood movie.

His name is Ralph Meeker, you saw him first in *Teresa* with Pier Angeli. When M-G-M released the picture—they didn't release him. Currently, he's on loanout to Paramount for Betty Hutton's *Somebody Loves Me*. Ralph hails from Broadway's *Mr. Roberts*, but this suave smoothie has already found a lasting spot in Hollywood.

Purely Personal : Dear Debbie Reynolds : Cal thinks you're cute as a button and more talented than a barrel full of starlets. But you're not the girl we like most to sit behind at previews !

You and your two girl friends came in late at the Academy



Latest Hollywood romance news concerns lovely Peggy Dow and oil heir Walter Helmerich, who should be married when you read this. Peggy co-stars with Dick Powell in *You Never Know*



The subject seems a serious one : Lynne Baggett and Broderick Crawford caught between scenes of *Remember That Face*

Theatre where private showings are held. You carried bottles of pop that sizzled when you opened them, you chewed gum, crunched corn and you all looked sweeter than honeysuckle in those off-the-shoulder blouses, with your hair piled high.

It was kicking those clanking bottles around that really got me down.

Next time you sit in front of us, won't you please make do with marshmallows !

For Men Only : Covering the town this month, Cal caught up on some original ideas in male movie star fashions. Gary Merrill, who dresses casually and comfortably, wears plaid wool shorts whenever the occasion permits.

On him it's very becoming, which is why Van Johnson can wear a pink tie with a yellow jacket.

The swirling designs on Tony Dexter's ties actually, but inconspicuously, spell out his name.

Young Man in a Flurry : The experience of Russell Nye is particularly disheartening, when you consider the great "brains" involved. The singing sensation of *Call Me Madam* fame needed Hollywood like he needed a hole in his crew-cut head. But they fought to get him for the role of the harassed father of three, for *Young Man in a Hurry*.

Russell begged for a screen test ; he wasn't too young-looking, the studio insisted. No test was necessary.

After twelve days of shooting, the bespectacled crooner was replaced by Glenn Ford. Director Mitch Leisen and Russell didn't always agree, but he was dumfounded when the studio called him and told him not to report.

Yes, they have to pay him off, but that isn't the point. There's no compensation for injuring a man's pride. Russell Nye really was thrilled with being in Hollywood.

Cal hopes that New York theatre audiences will help him to forget his disillusionment.

A Little from Lots : A private showing of *Westward the Women*, sent audiences into hysterical raves over Bob Taylor's performance as the rugged killer, who slaps women and makes them love it.

The very deserving Bob Hutton, who gets his chance again opposite Bob Mitchum in *The Racket*, is so good RKO is talking a term deal.

The gals playing U.S. Waves in *Skirts Ahoy* are so-o-o young and so-o-o beautiful.

Wistful Widow : Wearing no heart on her beautiful sleeve, Lana Turner hailed Cal on the *Merry Widow* set. It was less than a week following those ridiculous stories of an attempted suicide.

Actually, when she became dizzy in the shower, her hand went through the glass door and stitches were necessary. Lana



Jane Powell, back from a seaside holiday with becoming tan, new hair-do and adoring husband Geary Steffen

went to the hospital for a few hours, and an insider without scruples notified the newspapers.

Whether she asks for a divorce or legal separation from Bob Topping remains to be seen. Everyone knows that April 26th, 1948 (the day of her marriage), was a great turning point in the life of Lana. Everyone also knows there were tough moments along the way, and that she wanted desperately to make a go of this marriage.

Suddenly the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" filled the sound stage, and she was before the camera. Bright, gay and beautiful, Lana swayed in the arms of the handsome Fernando Lamas. To the casual observer Lana Turner has everything. To Cal—she has everything but happiness—and how we wish we could help her find it!

Town Topics: Pleased as punch over his first bachelor apartment (decorated in grey, black and white), Scott Brady cooked his first at-home dinner for Dorothy Malone and a group of friends.

Hollywood's newest and shapeliest agent is Jane Russell, who landed a job for her old friend Portia Nelson, who's now singing at the Cafe Gala.

A letter addressed to "Alex" with a five-cent piece (nickel) held down by Scotch tape, was delivered to Alex Nicol in Hollywood!

Dale Robertson, who couldn't get inside a studio for years, now can't get out long enough to have a honeymoon.

John Hudson, who is going places in Hollywood, is going to Hollywood places with Wanda Hendrix.

According to Cal: Any actor but Howard Keel might have startled his neighbours when he set up a full-length mirror in his back yard. The tall troubadour used it to study his stance while practising a new golf stroke.

The new blonde beauty of the ex-Mrs. Kirk Douglas makes her more stunning than any Hollywood divorcee.

It's a pity that Jane Greer, who has such a terrific sense of humour, is so shy about using it at Hollywood parties.

With that face, figure and popularity, Esther Williams has nothing to worry about—which means she isn't a-worrying because Vivian Blaine's role in *Skirts Ahoy* may make her the same sensation she was in Broadway's *Guys and Dolls*.

Great Gal: Cal is positive that if there were more girls like Alexis Smith in Hollywood, there would be fewer unhappy egocentrics.

Along with making good sense, Alexis has a great sense of humour. For example, she's tall, she refuses to make it a problem, she kids about it. You saw her terrific trouping in *Here Comes the Groom*. Well, here's the story behind the story, of how she got the job.

For days the studio tried to get Bing Crosby to look at her



All dressed up and nowhere to go! Terry Moore and a feathered friend relax between scenes of *The Barefoot Mailman*

test. Finally, one day while Alexis was seeing it, Bing slipped into the darkened projection room. When Alexis came on the screen, he turned to writer Barney Dean and cracked: "Say, who's the first baseman?"

The lights went on, Bing turned around. "I knew it—I knew it," he groaned. "This had to happen to me some day, and it serves me right for making cracks."

Alexis just grinned. "Never mind the cracks," she said. "What I want to know is—when are you coming over to play ball?"

Bing just threw up his hands. "If you didn't have the job before—you sure have it now!" he roared. So Alexis went to work.

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Two hours of happy meetings between friends in British films...

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★ ★ ★

(Above) Producer Harold Huth, Director Leslie Arliss, and Robert Beatty, appropriately be-hatted and in festive mood, compete with crackers for American socialite and former Ambassador's daughter, Miss Sharman Douglas

★ ★ ★

(Left) Mr. Theo, Manager of CIRO'S, welcomes Peggy Cummins and Richard Todd to the party



PARTY FOR THE STARS AT *Ciro's*



(Above) The cup that cheers Margaret Leighton, Sebastian Cabot, Martita Hunt and Eileen Herlie goes round to the music of Stanley Black's Band and the hum of lively conversation

★ ★ ★

(Left) Bernadette O'Farrell and Anthony Steel wish each other good luck in the lights of PHOTOPLAY'S Christmas Tree

★ ★ ★

(Right) Terence Morgan, caught in a happy mood, tells Eileen Herlie all about his baby daughter and his hope that she will, one day, become a film star

(Continued overleaf)



STAR PARTY

(Continued from previous page)



(1) Cheerio ! Mr. T. E. B. Clarke, well-known film writer for Ealing Studios, Dinah Sheridan and Anthony Steel respond to a greeting of welcome

(2) Zachary Scott enjoys PHOTOPLAY with Edana Romney

(3) Peter Lawford, Joan Rice, artist Vasco Lazalo and Director Harold French caught in a festive mood

(4) Peter Reynolds draws Anthony Steel's attention to Maurice Denham's antics

(5) Get this straight ! Bernadette O'Farrell, lovely film star wife of Producer-Director Frank Launder, adjusts her husband's hat

(6) Lovely target ! Maurice Denham and glamorous blonde Yolande Donlan

AT *Ciro's*

8



(7) Harold Huth pulls a Xmas cracker with Joan Rice

(8) Irate Schoolmaster Maurice Denham calls his unruly class to order. And what a class! Joan Collins, Joan Rice, British film censor Mr. A. T. L. Watkins, Dinah Sheridan and, of course, Peter Lawford

(9) Versatile Hubert Gregg, Yolande Donlan and Band-leader Stanley Black make a merry trio within reach of Stanley's big drum

(10) Leo Genn and Edana Romney go to taste PHOTO-PLAY'S Birthday Cake (one candle for the first birthday !)

(11) Mr. (Censor) Watkins with Peggy Cummins finds nothing to complain of here !

(12) Terence Morgan and Richard Todd exchange Hollywood anecdotes with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins



PRAIRIE FLOWER

By MAXINE ARNOLD

In Hollywood, the accent's on her acting.
But dark-haired, exotic Cyd Charisse still
has her heart in her dancing feet



Cyd is 5ft. 6½ins. tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 lbs.

CYD CHARISSE is often accredited with being Spanish, Italian, Russian and French. Recently a Cherokee fan wrote expressing approval, "That I was finally playing myself in the role of an Indian girl, with Stewart Granger, in *The Wild North*."

"Despite the fact 'enchilada' is about the extent of my Spanish and I can count to ten in Russian—but nobody ever wants to count to ten in Russian," she laughs.

Small wonder that at times this beautiful ballerina feels like a maid without a country. But Cyd Charisse would have you know that she hails from the wi-i-i-de open spaces. From Amarillo, Texas—and how wide and how open can they get?

She's 5ft. 6½ins. tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 pounds, and she never worries about them adding up to more. "On the contrary," Cyd says, "I've never been able to gain. I've been taking vitamins almost from the day I was born."

She was born Tula Ellice Finklea. The Frenchy Charisse she got from her former husband, choreographer Nico Charisse, whom she married when she was seventeen. The name Cyd, now so euphonious, was given her by (Continued on page 46)



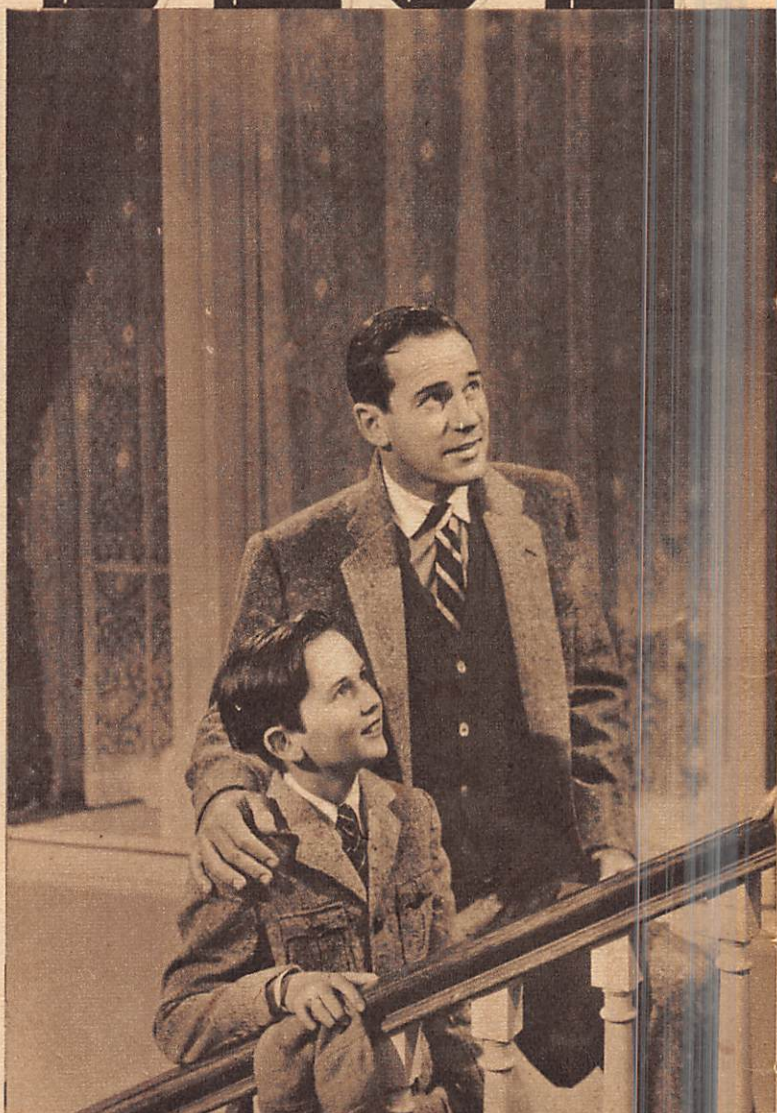
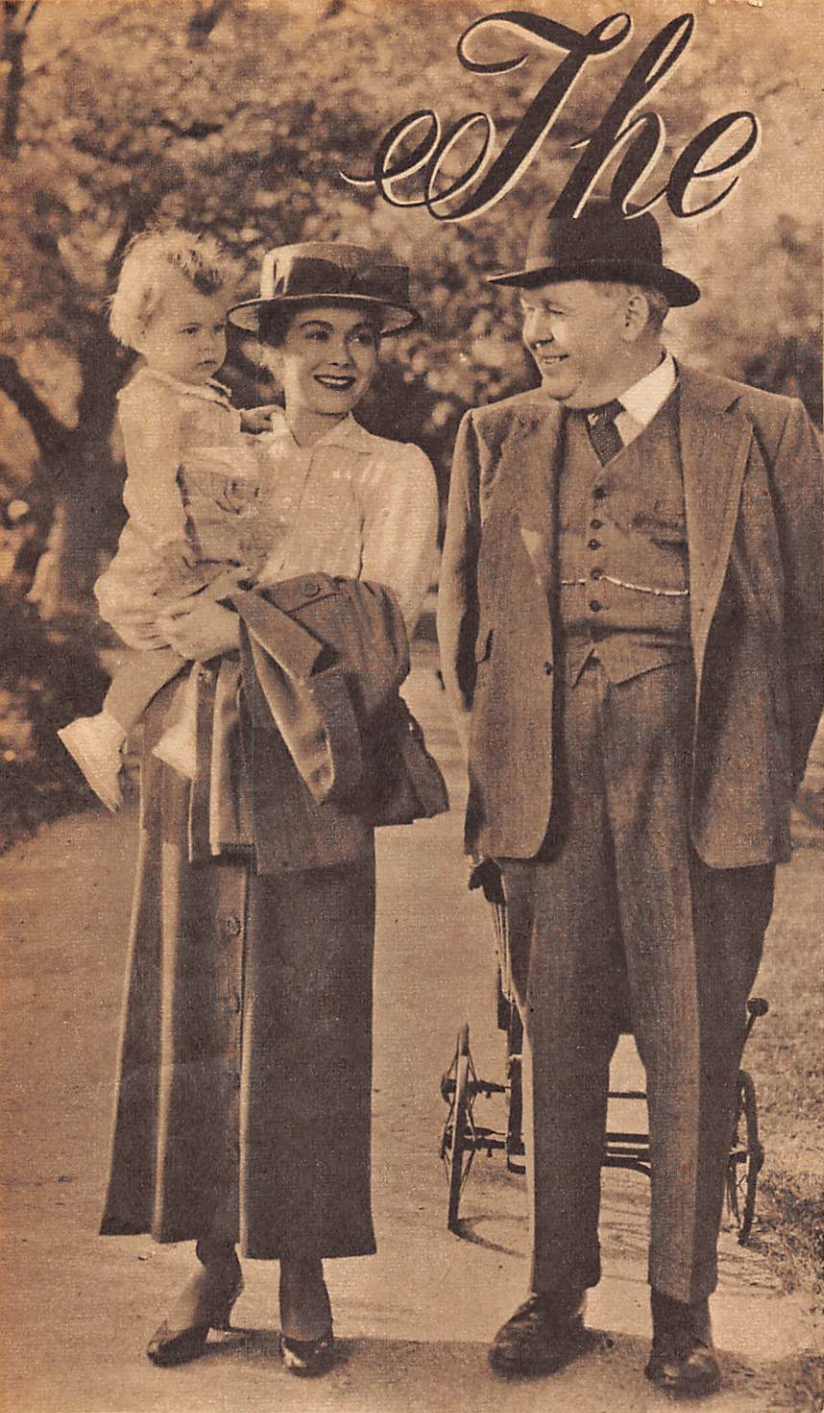
On their rare days off together Cyd and Tony Martin like to sit in the sun by the pool



Tony Jr. startled his dark-haired, dark-eyed parents by being a blue-eyed blond!

The

BLUE



L OUISE MASON (Jane Wyman) loses her husband in World War I. This tragedy is followed by the death of her baby. She becomes a nurse, first to Fred Begley (Charles Laughton), a middle-aged widower, who wants to marry her. She forms a friendship with Frank Hutchins (Cyril Cusack), owner of a toy shop. Louise's next job is with the Palfreys (Agnes Moorehead and Carleton Young), wealthy people with a young son, Robbie. Time after time, Louise turns down Frank's proposals of marriage.

Her life, as mother to the children of others, goes on until, too old to nurse, Louise breaks down and is in danger of losing her eyesight. Her eyes are examined by a specialist, who is Robbie Palfrey (Don Taylor), now married with a family of his own. Recognition is followed by happiness.

PHOTOPLAY

VEIL

Starring

JANE WYMAN

CHARLES LAUGHTON

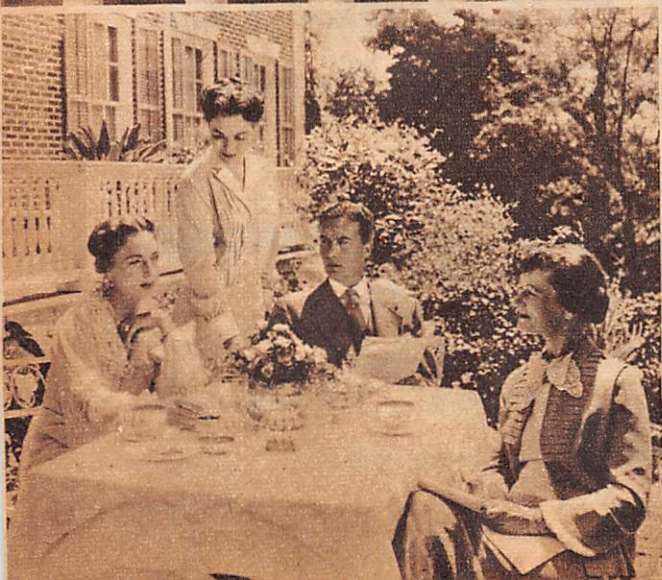
JOAN BLONDELL

RICHARD CARLSON

AGNES MOOREHEAD

DON TAYLOR

AUDREY TOTTER





Virginia Mayo, with husband, Michael O'Shea

EVER hear of Hollywood's ladies in retirement? Well, there's Hedy Lamarr—and Ingrid Bergman—and other movie queens down the years who've announced they'd quit the celluloid. But then the items about pictures they might do pop up in the gossip columns. And, sooner or later, they come back.

The latest lady in retirement is beautiful Virginia Mayo. Recently her actor husband, Michael O'Shea, let the secret out that they planned to give up movies in five years and pull weeds on their new ranch in Arizona.

Virginia trekked from the ranch to

Hollywood to collect the screams, whistles and envious "Oohs" from her fans at the premiere of *Captain Horatio Hornblower*.

There I inquired how she could bear to give all this up.

But Miss Mayo insists she's one lady who means it. She says she'd rather be a housewife than a star any day. "I'd rather care for a home and make a career out of that," she said. "I think that's more satisfactory to a woman."

"The ranch is an investment for our future. We're planning for the worst in the career angle. Especially me. After all, a man can go on when he's old and do

Impertinent Interview

By

ALINE MOSBY

character parts. But not someone like me.

"And frankly, I'm not that interested in movies. I'd rather have more time for myself and for living. Movie-making is such a precarious business. Your jobs are so dependent on other people. We want a little bit of security in our old age."

"Making pictures is such a tedious job. It takes all day. And I've never really had any vacation. I work constantly."

"I'd love to retire now, but I can't yet. I need some more money. The ranch isn't built up yet."

According to the Mayo-O'Shea five-year plan, they hope to be raising cattle on a paying basis by 1957. Then Virginia hopes to quit, or at least, she hedged, "be a free lance."

"I like the outdoor life and more leisurely living. I've helped fix up the ranch house and, with our partner's wife, I help with the cooking. I don't know much about cooking," the glamour girl confessed. "But I'm catching up on it."



A Happy Xmas and a Bright New Year
from

ANTHONY STEEL and DINAH SHERIDAN

in

WHERE NO VULTURES FLY

GENERALLY RELEASED JAN. 7th. NEXT

EALING STUDIOS PRESENT

ANTHONY STEEL · DINAH SHERIDAN · HAROLD WARRENDER

WHERE NO VULTURES FLY

Colour by **Technicolor**

with MEREDITH EDWARDS · WILLIAM SIMONS

A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION

Associate Producer LESLIE NORMAN

Story and Direction by HARRY WATT



THE
**Royal Performance
Film**

that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

WHENEVER I look at a picture of Jean Simmons quickly I think it's Elizabeth Taylor. But when I look at a picture of Liz Taylor quickly, I never think it's Jean Simmons. You figure it out. I can't.

Arlene Dahl gives the *Tarzan* yell when she wants Lex Barker to come a-running...



Jan Sterling

All movies look so old on television. ... I'm tired, darn tired, of articles about Jan Sterling that are captioned or refer to her as "That Sterling Character."

Whenever I see a night watchman in a movie I always settle back and wait for a robbery scene...

Clark Gable will read any book or scenario if you tell him it's another "Gone with the Wind" ... Janice Rule is the prettiest newcomer in pictures. She looks beautiful even with her hair in curlers ... I wish I could tell you what Gene Kelly said to Vera-Ellen, but what I can tell you is that it made an inspired dancer out of her.

Bette Davis wears classy lingerie. "I may not look like the feminine kind," she says, "but I am" ... Tom Jenk claims there are so many ups and downs in movie careers that he calls the town Hollywood...



Gene Kelly

I like to linger in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel. It gives me that nice feeling of having just arrived in town.

Joan Crawford is one of the few actresses who still give Hollywood glamour ... And don't say to-day's actresses haven't the temperament the old-timers had. Lana Turner refused to play a scene with her leading man because his shoes weren't shined!

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis together are the best example of cheesecake and beefcake. Incidentally, immediately after their wedding, Janet 'phoned Tony's mother and said, "Hello, Mrs. Schwartz. This is

Mrs. Schwartz" ... Starlets, who want to make good in Hollywood, should remember that good diction is not good acting.

When an actress tells me that she didn't get anywhere because she's not that kind of a girl, I know she's the kind of a girl who's minus talent.

When an actor wants to look and feel younger than he actually is, he wears a bow tie. A starlet who should know confided this to me ... Farley Granger, dis-

cussing marriage, said, "Of course I want to get married. But what I have to offer as a husband is pretty much standard equipment."

Fine pictures about Something are now doing business because people want to escape from the escapes! ... Constance Smith has just about the whitest skin of any actress.



Constance Smith

A famous producer, after hiring a star, said "We're overpaying him, but he's worth it"

Movies are better than ever but you can't prove it by the second feature ... I'm glad Marion Marshall is getting the chance she deserves in pictures. She can be a star.



will you marry me?

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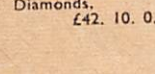
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77 BRANCHES IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

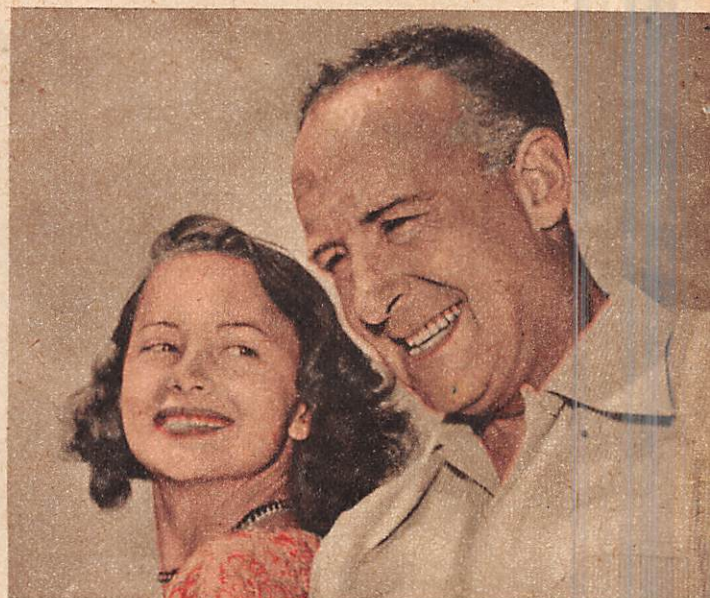
Why do they **HATE** Hollywood ?

by Sheilah Graham

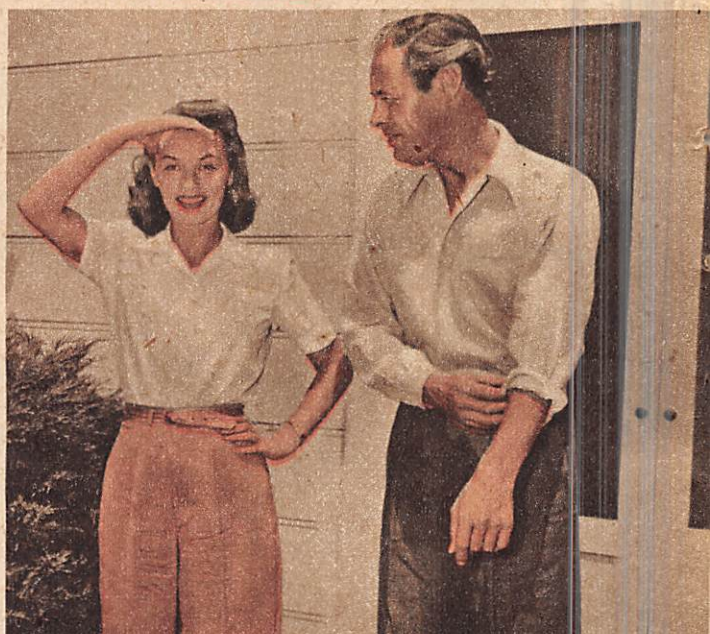
People have all sorts of reasons for leaving Hollywood. But Greer Garson's is unique. She prefers Buddy Fogelson's cattle!



Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich made a play for Broadway and learned facts about Hollywood



Marlon Brando was not dazzled until he found gold in the Hollywood hills. Now Broadway's lights are dimmer



Rex Harrison, with Lilli Palmer, was bitter. But time, it seems, has ripened his taste for Hollywood

Sheilah's mad enough to pound out some
home truths about the stars who work on the
cash—and carry it elsewhere—plan



Hollywood was impressed—but Judy Holliday wasn't. And not even Oscar could make her forget a past experience. Above, with her husband, Jose Ferrer, and her parents



Farley Granger fell in love with Paris—now Hollywood's just a pay station

THE first time Farley Granger saw Paris, he whooped, "This is for me." Now you have to tie him down to keep him in Hollywood between pictures. When each last foot of film is canned, when the final piece of publicity has been performed, Farley boards the nearest plane for Paris, and lives there happily ever after on his Hollywood dollars—until Mr. Sam Goldwyn sounds the tocsin to call him back to work.

Farley isn't the only star who makes his money in Hollywood but, given one choice, spends it elsewhere. It's become very chic to take the "Hollywood is provincial" attitude, to say "Between pictures I must have the stimulation of New York or Paris, London or Rome—where people are more cosmopolitan, where the culture is older."

Take Judy Holliday. At the very instant when Hollywood awarded her its highest honour, the gold Oscar for the Best Performance of the Year by an actress, Judy was spouting her blonde head off in *Life* magazine about what an awful place Hollywood was.

She was shocked, said the article, by the Hollywood divorce rate. She loathed, continued the publication, the inflexible

social stratas of the film capital. She would never sign a long-term contract with any studio that kept her here longer than for one picture a year (at the most three months). Summed up simply, said the story, Holliday Hated Hollywood.

Reading between the lines, I came up with a familiar grievance—Judy couldn't forgive Hollywood for her early failure here. Katharine Hepburn went to bat for her in *Adam's Rib*—which was the stepping stone to *Born Yesterday*. And even for that, in spite of her success in the play, Judy was the last one tested.

Maybe success will change Judy's hate song. It did with Marlon Brando. From the safe distance of his Broadway hit, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Marlon branded Hollywood a city of imbeciles. And when he did capitulate for \$75,000 to star in *The Men*, the suspicious guy was so determined to remain uncorrupted by Hollywood's devilish attractions that he warned his press agent in advance to refuse all invitations to parties. It was a bit of an anti-climax when no invitations came to be refused.

Marlon showed his contempt for Hollywood by wearing the oldest and most tattered clothes he (Continued on page 47)

PICKED FOR THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE

WHERE NO

Starring

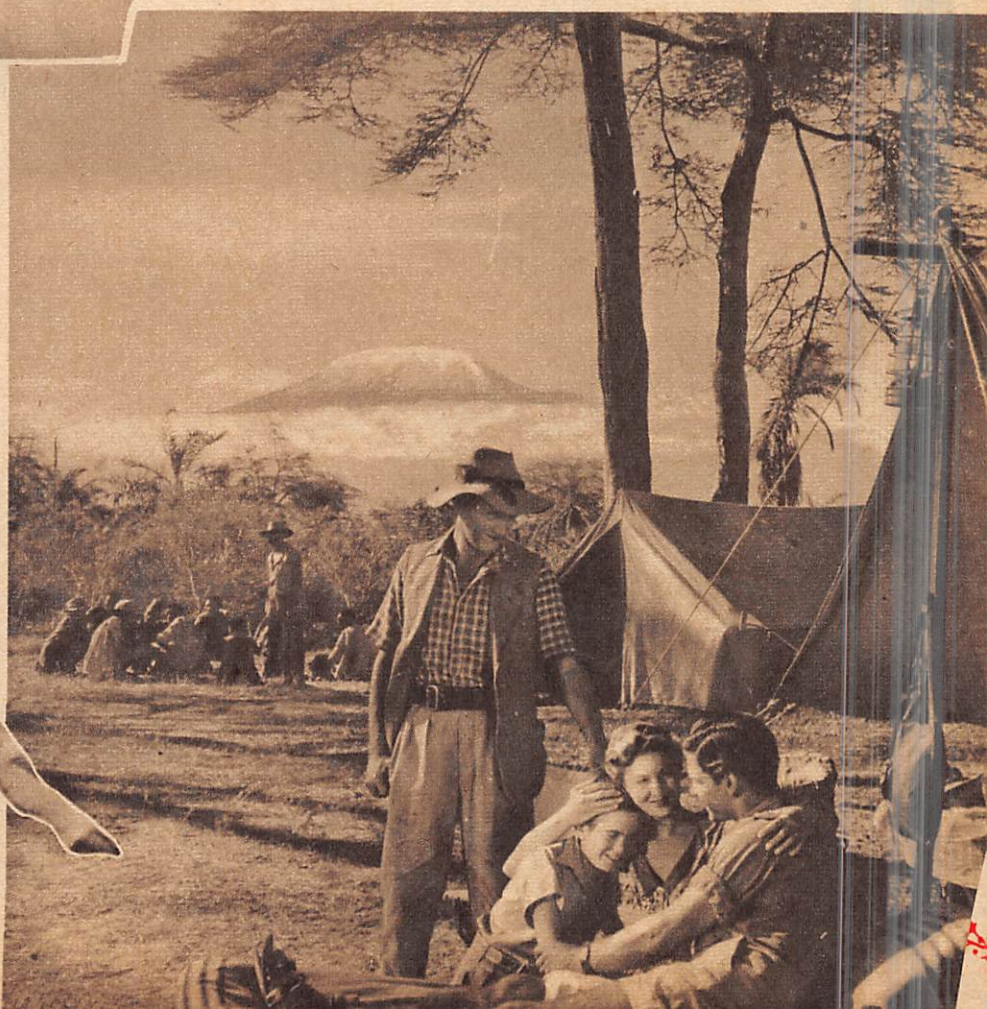


THIS is an adventure of present-day Africa, and tells the story of a man who becomes sickened and horrified by the waste of the wild life that is going on, and decides to try and save it.

Bob Payton (Anthony Steel), a game warden, leaves his job and sets out to try and form a sanctuary before it is too late. After many setbacks, he is finally handed over 1,000 square miles of wild country. With no money and little help, he sets off with his wife (Dinah Sheridan) and nine-year-old child to live in the jungle for a year.

It is away from everywhere, malarial and fly-ridden, and is the hunting ground of the fierce Kawamba tribe. In it are some of the largest herds of elephants left in Africa, and ivory poachers are continually hunting them. Payton sets up his camp and begins preparing his park, but almost immediately things go wrong. His Askaris, the native patrols, desert. Wherever he goes, Payton finds signs of interference and indications that the natives are being encouraged to hunt over his area. He discovers that a Mr. Mannering (Harold Warrender), whom he had accepted as a wild-life photographer, is in reality the chief ivory poacher, and is doing everything in his power to wreck Payton's scheme.

Because of lack of help, Payton's family are left practically unprotected. This brings to a head Mrs. Payton's fears for



VULTURES FLY

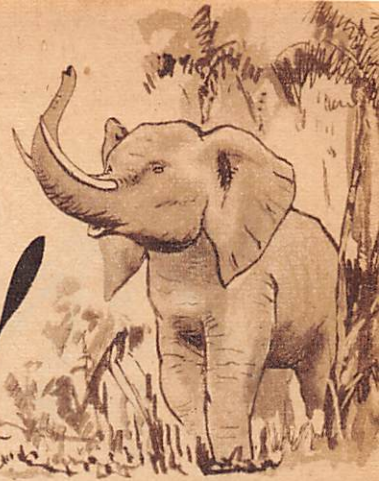
ANTHONY STEEL—DINAH SHERIDAN

herself and her family, and she determines to leave. Payton, in a last desperate attempt to obtain some money to run his park and save the majority of his animals, joins up with an animal trapper collecting for zoos. Soon he is on the point of defeating Mannering's schemes when Mannering introduces into the National Park a nomadic tribe of primitive Africans, the Masai, whose cattle are known to be disease-ridden. This news is conveyed to the authorities, who come down to eliminate all the wild animals in Payton's park, and so ruin his whole scheme.

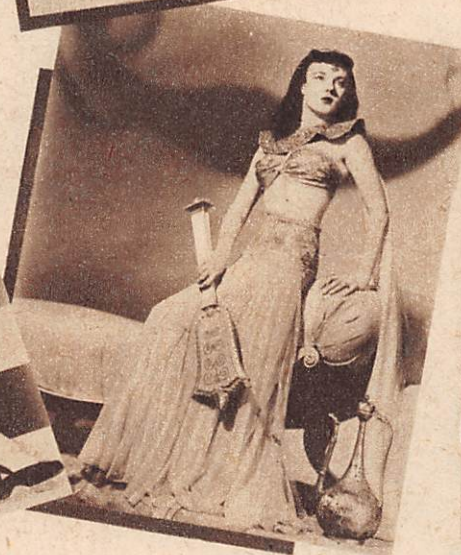
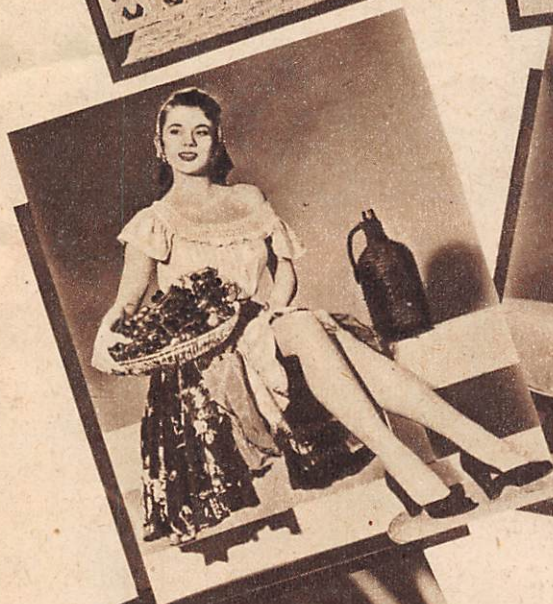
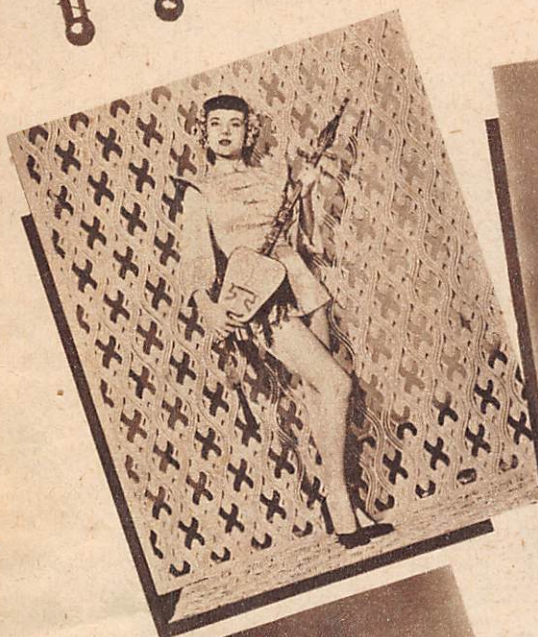
Payton denounces Mannering to the authorities, who refuse to believe that he is anything but an honest photographer. Payton then sets out to prove that Mannering is a crook, and sets a trap for him in the jungle, with some stolen ivory tusks. Mannering falls into the trap, but in the ensuing fight Payton is badly wounded by a spear and left for dead.

The animal trapper finds Payton, who had recovered during the night, and, despite his wounds, insists on continuing the chase after Mannering. This ends when Mannering's truck goes over a 1,000-foot cliff.

Back at the camp the scientific experts are considering whether the whole of Payton's dream must be wiped out, when suddenly a jeep dashes in, and the chief scientist announces that the Park is in the clear. (An Ealing-Michael Balcon Production)



PIN-UP PEGGIE



BEGUILING Peggie Castle, who plays a leading role in Universal-International's Technicolor film, *The Golden Horde*, is a green-eyed blonde who got her first break in Hollywood when a talent scout saw her in a Beverly Hills restaurant.

He told her to report to the studio the next day. She did, and found herself playing a scene with Clifton Webb, almost before she knew what was happening.

It turned out to be the funniest scene in the picture, and when the film was pre-viewed a famous Hollywood agent asked who the new girl was. Nobody could tell him, but he finally found Peggie and at once signed her up with a seven-year Universal-International contract.

A Virginian by birth, Peggie is twenty-four years old, five feet seven inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds.



ANN MILLER, M.G.M. Actress



PHOTOPLAY



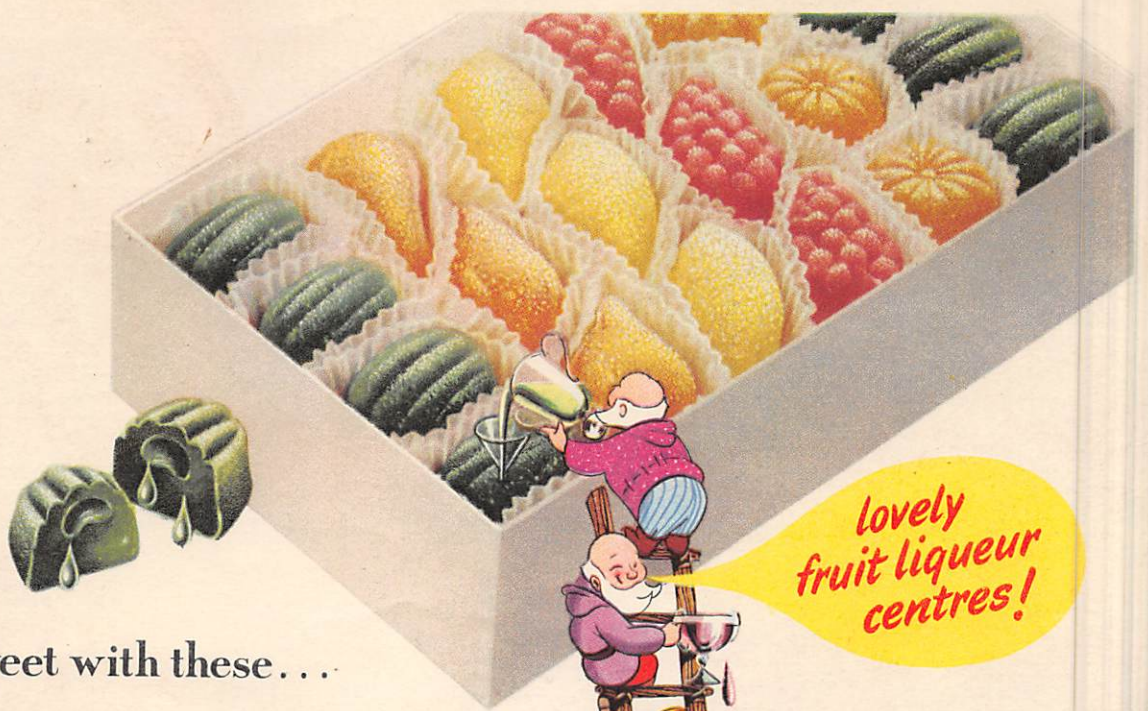
RHONDA FLEMING (Universal International)

PHOTOPLAY



GREGORY PECK & SUSAN HAYWARD in a scene from the new
20th Century-Fox Technicolor drama DAVID AND BATHSHEBA





*lovely
fruit liqueur
centres!*

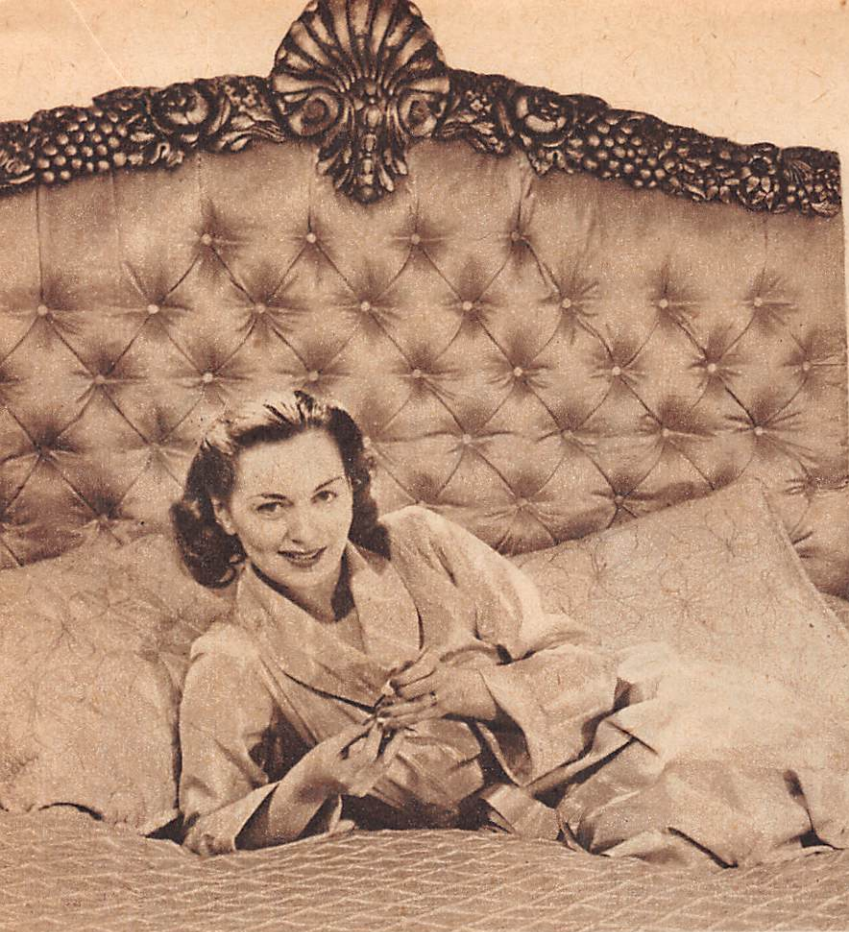
The only sweet with these . . .

lovely fruit liqueur centres

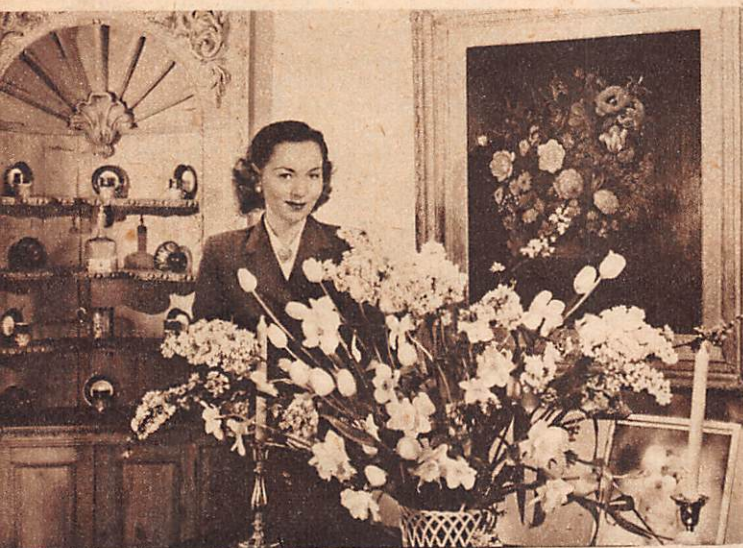
SIX FLAVOURS—Gooseberry, Raspberry,
Pear, Lemon, Pineapple, Tangerine:
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 2/1, 1 lb. 4/2



M E L T I S L T D . B E D F O R D . E N G L A N D



Greta Gynt at HOME



HANGING in the drawing-room of Greta Gynt's mews house is a portrait of herself used for the film *Dear Murderer*. "The man painted it in twenty minutes," she says with a sigh, "but it's going to take me years to live down."

No reflection on the artist. As a portrait it's a very skilful piece of work. But it shows Greta with her long hair falling to bare shoulders and a sultry pout on her lips, in typical vamp pose.

Greta wasn't always a screen vamp. A Norwegian girl who spent seven of her childhood years in Manchester, she went back to Norway to learn dancing, and made her first professional appearance here in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

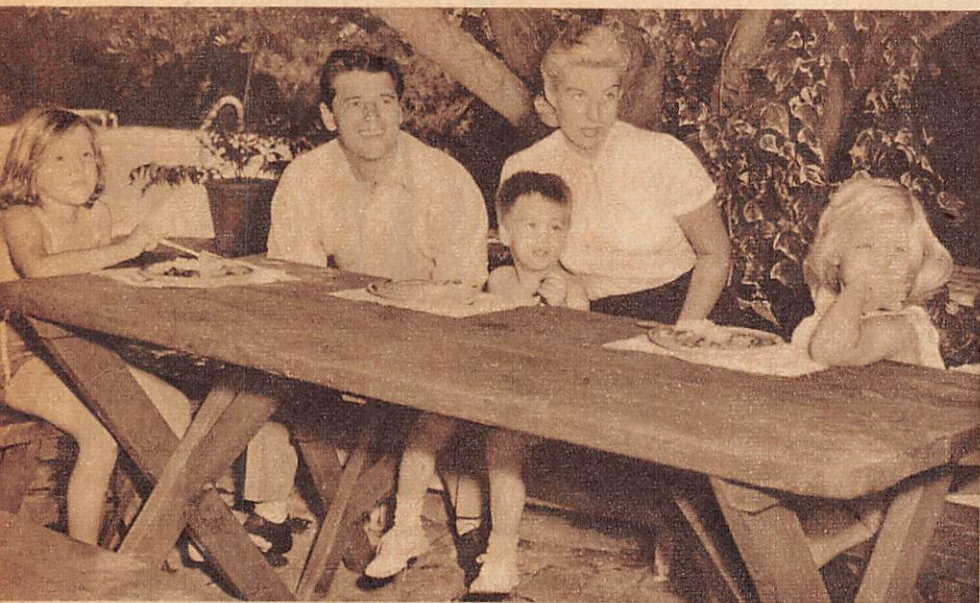
From there Greta went into a series of second feature films until 1943, when she was chosen to star in *Mr. Emmanuel*—the film which won her a five-year Rank contract.

In 1948 she married London businessman Noel Holland. At the time she was living in a large luxury flat, "all chromium and plush," she says. But husband Holland wasn't happy in such a glittery place. "There's nowhere to sit down," he complained. So he went out and found the charming mews house they now live in just north of Hyde Park.



When he smiles, he makes you happy. When he sings,
you want to hum. With Gordon MacRae it's that certain
something that puts you under his spell

THAT OLD MACRAE



Gordon, with Meredith, Gar, Sheila and Heather, likes to get up early, put on old shirt and slacks and have a game with the three children before breakfast



With Heather and Sheila at the pool of their new home. Says Gordon, "For me a young marriage was right—I wouldn't have made the same progress as a bachelor"

THERE is an august quiet about the big "front office" of Jack Warner of Warner Bros. The walls are soundproof. The carpets are heavily piled. The heavy doors swing silently. Only one thing shatters this quiet, ever—Jack Warner! Just as he shattered it that spring day back in 1946.

"Where's that would-be actor Bill Orr asked me to see?" he suddenly bellowed. "If he thinks I'm waiting around for anyone looking for a job..."

Jack's secretary, who had gone down the hall, didn't answer.

But Gordon MacRae did. "I've been here an hour," he said. And he grinned.

"Who let you in?" By this time Jack was slightly red in the face, furious that his secretary was not there to protect him from intruders.

"I'm Gordon MacRae. We have an appointment," Gordon was very casual, very calm.

"By this time," says Jack, telling the story, "MacRae thought I was crazy."

"I am Gordon MacRae, sir," Gordon persisted.

Jack pressed the music department lever on his intercom telephone. "Get someone up here with some music, someone who can play it..." He waved his hand towards the piano that stands in his suite, just as if the person to whom he was talking on the intercom could see him.

Gordon laughed. And Jack's fury mounted.

"All right," he bellowed, "if you can sing, sing."

Gordon let out with those full round notes we all love so well. And Jack nearly died.

"Know 'Rose of Tralee'?" he asked, when Gordon had finished.

At once Gordon started singing. Before he had gone more than a few bars, Jack was humming with him...

Gordon's success, I think, lies in something over and beyond his voice itself. So much vitality and happiness and other good things combine in his singing that his singing—far more than beautiful sound—is something shared.

MAGIC

By ELSA MAXWELL

On last Fourth of July, Hollywood was surprised when Gordon sang at the American Legion's celebration at the big Coliseum. He had planned fireworks at home for the kids. But when the committee asked if he would appear and sing "God Bless America" and "The Loveliest Night of the Year" it never occurred to him to say no.

"The kids will see bigger and better fireworks at the Coliseum," he told Sheila. "They can nap in the afternoon. It won't hurt them to stay up late this once."

Sheila was hesitant. "But you'll have no time to rehearse."

"That's okay," Gordon told her, "I'll talk to the orchestra leader on the 'phone, tell him the key I want . . ."

He sang like a dream too.

★ ★ ★

Gordon, however, is no character. He's as American as the New Jersey suburb in which he was born on March 12, 1921, and the Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts where he prepared for the college which he quit for the stage. He knows the standings of all the teams in both major baseball leagues and the batting averages of the players. He has a passion for golf and plays in the team at the Lakeside Country Club, not far from the Warner studios.

He would, above all, like to meet Winston Churchill. He can whistle like a fool, which he isn't. He thinks his wife is a remarkable woman. He's as proud as the dickens of his Cadillac and Buick. He wishes he had more time to spend with the small MacRaes, Meredith Lynn, six, Heather Alison, four, William Gordon, three, nicknamed Gar. But he's pretty busy singing on the radio on Monday evenings and making movies so he can give his family all the things he wants for them. His current project is to install a heating system in the swimming pool of the new house up in the Hollywood hills—so Sheila and the kids can swim all year round. He likes to get up early, put on an old shirt and slacks and have a game with the kids before breakfast.

Another of his projects is music lessons for his children.

"I want all three of them to play some instrument," he says. "Not so they can play professionally, just for their pleasure. I'd like to have a family orchestra—have the family get together in the evenings and make music, the way families used to do when they gathered around the piano."

LAST summer while I was in Europe the MacRaes occupied my apartment at the Park Sheraton, which was a surprise to me until Gordon told me about it at luncheon one day.

"I loved the place," he said. "The dark green walls—and the big rooms. That was what sold me, Elsa, the size of those rooms."

"Sheila looked at it first, then took me around. The minute I walked in I said, 'This is it!' I go for rooms a man can really stretch in . . ."

Sheila, you'll notice, looked at the apartment first. But it was Gordon who made the decision. That's their pattern, a pattern I suspect they resolved in their first tempestuous year of married life—for them definitely the hardest—when they quarrelled often and more than once nearly separated.

Gordon decides things. Sheila agrees. And Sheila is a happy woman if I ever saw one, the only actress I know who has turned her back upon an acting career in favour of a family without ever lapsing into bitter remarks about it.

The most difficult adjustments Gordon and Sheila had to make was fusing two distinctly opposite personalities. He tried to temper her shyness. She tried to curb his excessive (to her) forwardness. She was hurt when, on their honeymoon, travelling with the band, Gordon appeared to enjoy the company of his fellow bandsmen as much as, if not more than, hers. Always he wanted to stay in the hotel where the band stayed.

★ ★ ★

She, on the other hand, wanted them to get away, to be by themselves. It was the same when they went out to dinner. He always chose a big, noisy place and a table large enough to accommodate any of the band who might join them. She wanted a romantic hideaway.

Finally, miserable if she was separated from Gordon even (Continued on page 45)



Gordon's next film is the Technicolor musical *On Moonlight Bay*, in which he co-stars with Doris Day



Starring — ALASTAIR SIM

WHEN his partner, Jacob Marley, dies, the tight-fisted Ebenezer Scrooge, carries on the business as before. That is to say he harasses hapless debtors, overworks and underpays his humble clerk, Bob Cratchit, and, turning aside all charity, treats his fellow men with contempt, and all kindness as "humbug."

Seven years pass. Scrooge grudgingly gives Cratchit one day off, and brusquely declines an invitation to a party given by his nephew, Fred.

Morosely he makes his way home. It is bitterly cold. Imagination?—or does the late Marley's face stare at Scrooge from his own door-knocker?

Changed into his shabby night-wear, Scrooge becomes uneasy again.

Then Marley's fearsome ghost appears, still wearing the trappings of death. At first, Scrooge makes a show of angry disbelief in what he sees. But he is soon overcome by terror as the ghost begins to upbraid him for his wicked ways. It also warns him there is but one chance left of reformation, and that will come from three Spirits whose visits will follow. Scrooge goes to sleep, but soon is summoned from bed by the first of the three spirits—The Spirit of the Past.

The Past resurrects the events of the miser's early life. Again Scrooge experiences the pain of his embittered exile at school; the death of his beloved sister, Fan; his betrothal to Alice, and the break with her when he puts money before matrimony. Once more he meets Marley for the first time, and with him develops the business. The details of his partner's death are vividly recalled.

The Spirit of the Present soon follows, to teach Scrooge much that his aloofness from mankind has denied him. The affectionate nephew, Fred, bears his uncle no malice. Even the ill-paid Cratchit, whose frail and crippled son, Tiny Tim, is the youngest of a large family, proposes a toast to Scrooge.

The Spirit of the Future is a mute, forbidding phantom in black. He foreshadows the dire happenings in store for the unrepentant sinner.

The nightmare ends suddenly as repentance utterly overwhelms Scrooge. Overjoyed to be alive, he capers about to such an extent that Mrs. Dilber, his charwoman, fears for his sanity.

Off Scrooge goes to nephew Fred's party where he is a welcome, if belated, guest. He presents the Cratchits with an enormous turkey. Indeed, Scrooge's new-found generosity knows no bounds. (A George Minter Renown Production)



The tight-fisted, inhuman Ebenezer Scrooge (Alastair Sim), although hungry, begrudges an extra charge for bread



Scrooge is terror-stricken one night when Marley's fearsome ghost (Michael Hordern) materialises in his bedroom

oogie



KATHLEEN HARRISON JACK WARNER

George Cole as Young Scrooge
and Rona Anderson as Alice



Wilkins (Clifford Mollison) vainly pleads with the miserly Scrooge for more time to repay a debt



Marley and Scrooge acquire Fezziwig's (Roddy Hughes) business. Also in the deal is the wily Jorkins (Jack Warner)

(Continued on page 35)



Michael Hordern
as Marley's Ghost

Which Twin has the Toni— AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?

*See answer below**



Hairstyles by a famous coiffeur

Why more women prefer a Toni for their Christmas perm

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Because Toni's gentle waving lotion gives you a natural looking wave from the very first day. No frizzy stage, no brittle ends, no stubborn kinks.

Because the Toni Test Curl Method ensures the finest perm. Waving times can vary according to the texture and condition of your hair so Toni recommends test curls, the only sure way of getting the best results.

**Lovely hair is essential to the pretty Leigh twins, because they're fashion models! Janet (on the right) has the Toni. She says, "I've never had a perm that looked so soft and natural!"*

Toni

Whole Head Kit with SPIN Curlers 16/8
Whole Head Refill 8/4

For odd end curls between perms **

End Curl Kit with Midget SPIN Curlers... 8/4
End Curl Refill 5/6

Home Perm

JUST LIKE NATURALLY CURLY HAIR





Cratchit (Mervyn Johns) proposes a toast to 'Scrooge'. The proposal is not popular with his wife (Hermione Baddeley)



Wistfully, the crippled Tiny Tim (Glyn Dearman) gazes at toys which the more fortunate children will have for Christmas



Unaware that Scrooge has reformed, Cratchit is puzzled by his employer's changed attitude and speaks to his family about it



Mrs. Dilber (Kathleen Harrison) not realising that Scrooge has been transformed into a kindly man, fears for his sanity



Jorkins introduces young Marley (Patrick McKnee) to the youthful Scrooge (George Cole). This begins their partnership



A different Scrooge makes a belated appearance at his nephew's (Brian Worth) party and joins in with the dancing

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is always in fashion



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PHOTOPLAY

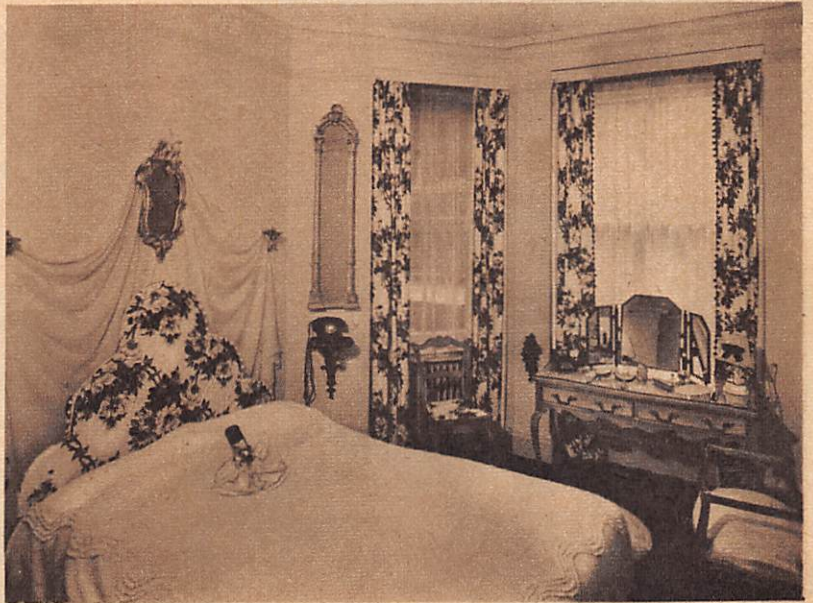
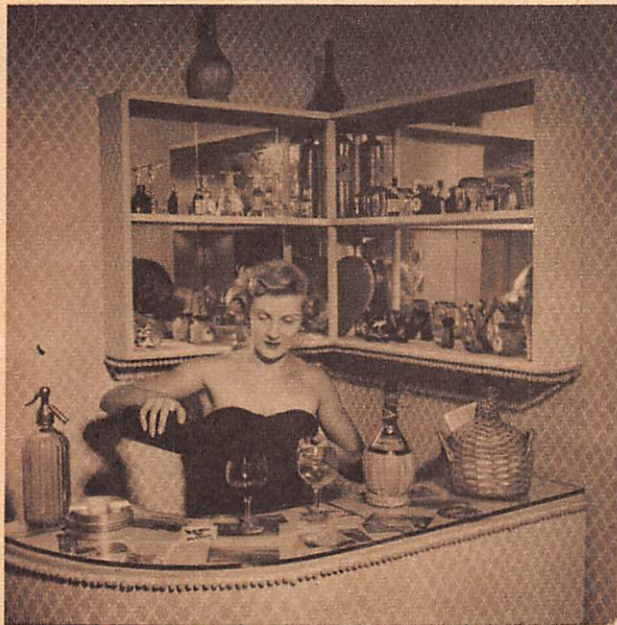
"I like to be comfortable" says ANNE CRAWFORD

WALK into Anne Crawford's gay three-room flat in Knightsbridge and you might be on the Riviera. It makes such a splendid splash of colour. After visiting Hollywood, she says firmly, "I like to be comfortable and to have colour about the place. American homes are much brighter than ours. I think we're frightened of *effect* over here."

On her walls is a colourful lattice of print pattern backed by silver strips to give it depth. Her furniture is stripped pine taken from the panelling of a demolished Scottish castle. Her bedroom is done in eau-de-nil.

Anne hasn't been in the flat long. "But I'm settling in fast," she says. "I love the feeling of building a home and I haven't nearly finished furnishing here yet."

Let's hope it keeps her occupied a long time. Hollywood keeps beckoning, and British films can't afford to lose Anne Crawford.



Come Christmas Shopping



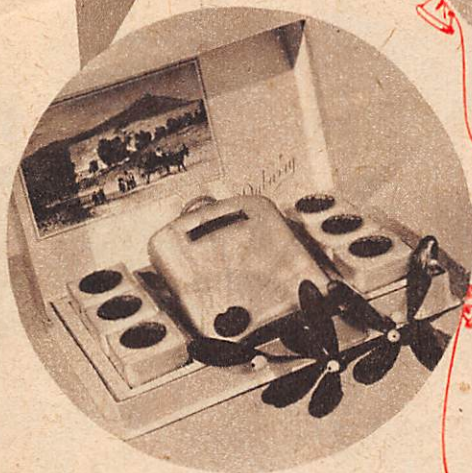
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(1) CRESTO is ideal for avoiding broken nails, and it costs only 3/4d. and may be useful to fill a Xmas parcel. (2) TOKALON have a wonderful Gift Set comprising a Lipstick, Foundation Cream and Powder, which is sold at 5/3d. (3) MURY of Paris offer this very attractive bottle of Narcisse Bleu at 8/6d. Prices range from 3/9d. (4) DUBARRY have a lovely Gift Box for the bathroom, containing The Heart of a Rose Talcum Powder and six tablets of Bath Salts for 9/9d. (5) ICILMA offer POEM Foundation Cream, Powder and Lipstick at 2/9d., 2/11d. and 3/11d. respectively. (6) MAX FACTOR offer a Hollywood Gift Set, which contains a Pan-Stik and Face Powder, price 10/2d. (7) SNOWFIRE have 7d. handbag cases of Face Powder, Vanishing Cream, Foundation and Cold Cream. Vanishing Cream Foundation in jars sells at 1/4d., Face Powder at 1/2d., Rouge and Lipstick at 1/6d. (8) The ever popular NIVEA CREME, specially

for Beauty Gifts with Janet London

7



8



9



10



packed for Christmas, at 2/6d. (9) BLUE ORCHID by DELAVELLE is a lovely perfume. It can be bought in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and ranges at prices from 5/6d. (10) ATKINSONS of Bond Street, have a new Lipstick at 6/6d., which is shaped to fit your finger, and a delicate Face Powder which costs 4/9d. Ideal for a teen-ager. (11) AMAMI WAVE SET at 1/6d., to use after perming the hair at home, will be a most acceptable gift. AMAMI HAND JELLY, which costs 1/8d., will keep hands smooth and soft. (12) TONI HOME PERMS are widely used, and are sold in two sizes—Whole Head Kit with Spin Curlers, 16/8d., and End Curl Kit with Midget Spin Curlers, 8/4d. (13) ATKINSONS also have a new Flexi-Puff Talcum Powder at 5/3d., and Flexi-Spray English Lavender 9/2d., and a lovely Gift Box containing two tablets of English Lavender Soap and a bottle of English Lavender which costs only 9/7d.

11



12



13



Britain's up-and-coming girls...



Stage designer at 17

* Dark-haired Janet Munro Kerr had scarcely finished her training at a Chelsea art school when she scored her first big success—she designed the décor and costumes for the brilliant new ballet *Louisa*. 'Confidence in oneself' says Janet 'is, at least partly, confidence in one's appearance—and for that, beautifully groomed hair is essential. I've never known a shampoo that does so much to help in this way as *Silvikrin Cream Shampoo*.'

A dream come true

We set our chemists a problem: 'Make us' we said 'a cream shampoo that has *everything*! It must wash the hair gloriously clean, must be startlingly simple to use and very economical. It must give a rich, creamy, nourishing lather that caresses the very roots of the hair with beauty. And it must be enriched with *Pure Silvikrin*, for the sake of the hair's *health*.' And now, here it is: *Silvikrin Cream Shampoo*! What a difference it can make to *you*! For a fresh start in life you need the extra confidence, the poise that glamorous hair can give. Buy a tube today—*now*!

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INTO THE
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Prices: 5d. & 1/9
(1 tape) (27 tablets)

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Slough, Bucks

Broken Bones!



Victor Mature's leg was broken in a motor-bike crack-up whilst making *Red Skies of Montana*. Richard Widmark got the starring role

Even dancing in films is a dangerous business. Vivacious Mitzi Gaynor broke a toe during the filming of *Golden Girl*



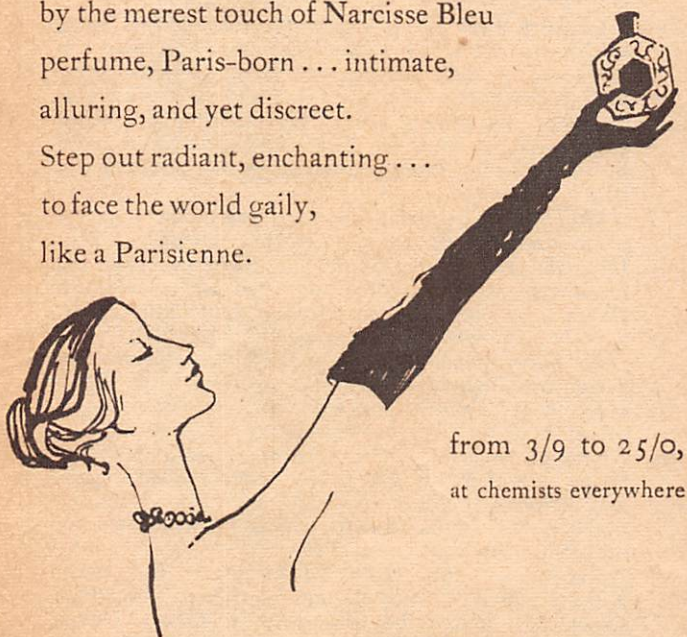
THE home is supposed to be the most hazardous place in the world, but Hollywood has proof that this is not so. Premiums are so high on film stars that studios can no longer afford to take out accident insurance on them.

Mitzi Gaynor broke a toe during a dance rehearsal for the Technicolor musical *Golden Girl* at 20th Century-Fox. Victor Mature broke a leg during early sequences for *Red Skies of Montana* and the film had to be reshot with Richard Widmark. Gene Tierney broke a small bone in her ankle during a recent film.

When Mitzi Gaynor broke her toe, Director Lloyd Bacon shot around her for as many days as possible, then production was suspended until she recovered. The loss was estimated at \$35,000—a high price for a big toe, even in Hollywood.

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Gene Tierney was unable to continue in a recent motion picture, but this lovely actress could still pose for studio "glamour art"





A film to bankrupt the emotions, starring Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters

A PLACE IN THE SUN

The finest human interest story to come out of Hollywood in many a day! Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters illumine their roles with an intensity of emotion, constantly in character, that never lets down to the fateful end. Beautifully adapted and modernised, the story tells of the poor cousin of a wealthy and social family, condescendingly placed in the family factory by a rich uncle and then forgotten. This role belongs to Montgomery Clift and none other. He's that good. He etches a brilliant portrait of the tormented George, who, in his loneliness, turns to Alice, a factory worker, and becomes involved more deeply with her than was his intention.

In a burst of conscience, the uncle invites George to a party in his home, and there he meets the beautiful young socialite, Angela. The two fall truly and desperately in love, and George finally is accepted by her parents as their future son-in-law.

Just as his "place in the sun" is within grasp, George's new world crashes around him; Alice discovers she is to bear his child, and frantically demands marriage. Equally frantic, George plots to murder her, but loses his nerve at the crucial moment. She dies, anyway, by accident, and since George recognises his intent was for her death, he accepts his own awful punishment as spiritual justice.

Elizabeth is glowingly lovely as Angela, and in her later sequences attains a dramatic stature never before reached in her career. Henceforth she legitimately may call herself an actress as well as a great beauty.

Without make-up, without tricks or forceful efforts, Shelley Winters manages to make of Alice Tripp, the factory girl, a pathetic figure that cannot be overshadowed by the youth and beauty of Elizabeth Taylor. In three words, Shelley's plain great!

Not only did she have the courage to play the part in a visually believable manner, but by her every word and gesture she creates a terrifyingly true picture of the dull, pregnant, and frightened girl she was portraying.

In lesser roles, Keefe Brasselle, Herbert Heyes, Kathryn Givney and Raymond Burr are fine. (Paramount)

SHADOW

BRIEF REVIEWS OF



Gregory Peck and lovely Barbara Payton are teamed in this fine action story of U.S. Cavalrymen and Apaches

ONLY THE VALIANT

It's 1867 and the Apaches are making trouble for American soldiers in the New Mexico desert.

Gregory Peck is a young captain admired as a soldier but hated as a strict disciplinarian. He's in love with Barbara Payton, who lives with her father at Fort Invincible, and misunderstands a friendly kiss she gives Gig Young, a lieutenant at the post. When Gig is given a dangerous detail, and tortured to death by the Apaches, Greg is blamed by Barbara and his fellow officers.

Greg is convinced that the only way to save the fort is for him to take a detail to what remains of Fort Invincible and try to hold the pass there until expected reinforcements of four hundred men arrive. Herbert Heyes, who plays Colonel Drumm, reluctantly agrees and Greg orders out the men who hate him most.

At Fort Invincible the detail prepares for the expected onslaught. Jeff Corey is captured while scouting and is returned, mortally wounded, by the insolent Apaches. Three attempts are made on Gregg's life by his own men. He prepares a dynamite charge at the pass to be used as a last resort and also sends Dan Riss to intercept the reinforcements and direct them to Fort Invincible. Riss is wounded as he rides out of the fort, but keeps going.

Eventually, only Greg, Ward Bond and Terry Kilburn are left. The Indians in this picture are a savage lot, under the leadership of famed Tucsos (Michael Ansara) and the battles are bloody and barbarous. (Warners)



STAGE

CURRENT FILMS



Murder drama with a difference, which grips from start to finish, starring Bette Davis and Gary Merrill

ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

Bette Davis plays a successful writer of thrillers who inhabits a lonely house on Tarn Moor, Yorkshire. Her husband, George Preston, is a worthless individual from whom she is separated.

Preston becomes involved in a bank robbery, and the murder of a policeman, with Gary Merrill, and seeks refuge at his wife's house; there is a quarrel and she kills him by poison—a medicine which has been made up for her favourite horse, Fury. Merrill comes to find Preston, and discovers what has happened. He and Bette get rid of the body in the deep lake surrounding the property.

But each is in the other's power; for good or evil they are bound together and this guilty knowledge brings about the deadlock between them. Merrill forces Bette to pass him off as her husband.

Bette, however, is in love with Anthony Steel, the fiance of her young secretary, Barbara Murray. Steel is equally infatuated with this magnetic, worldly-wise woman.

While drama and, eventually, tragedy work themselves out at Tarn Moor House, Emyln Williams, who has been treating Fury, becomes aware of what is happening.

Climax comes when Merrill shoots Fury. Heart-broken, Bette takes her revenge and she sends Merrill in Williams' old station wagon, with its faulty steering gear, to his death. But Merrill does not die when the car crashes over the cliff.

To reveal the dramatic ending would not be fair, but we promise tip-top suspense. (Eros Films)



Stanley Holloway and Kathleen Harrison get together as husband-and-wife in this light-hearted tale of an eviction

MR. LORD SAYS "NO"

The Lord family live in the last remaining building on a bombed site just opposite the Festival of Britain South Bank Exhibition. There Lilian Lord (Kathleen Harrison) keeps a general shop. Sharing the house with her are her husband Henry (Stanley Holloway), two of her three children, and her sister, Aunt Ada (Dandy Nichols).

Ada, who dabbles in spiritualism, arrives home to say that she has had a vision in which Shakespeare appeared warning her to "beware of the men in black." The family are inclined to scoff at her, but next day they are reminded of the warning when a man in black, named Filch (Naunton Wayne), arrives to inform them that their home stands in the way of the new road and subway which is being built to give access to the Festival. He asks the Lord family to give up the premises in exchange for a new house in South Harrow.

The family talk it over and decide that they cannot leave their home. But the Government departments are adamant and when all legal measures to prevent eviction have been taken without success, the Lord family decide to barricade themselves in the house and defy the authorities to put them out.

The defence of the house is carefully organised and when the police try to break in they are met by a barrage of tinned peas, bags of flour, and similar missiles.

The resulting publicity is judged by the Government to be damaging to the Festival and the authorities decide to starve the family out. Gas, water and electricity are cut off and a police guard posted at the end of the street.

After an eight-day siege, the Lords are ready to give up—all except Father, who urges them not to let a little discomfort stand between them and their rights—but just as one of the children is about to go out with a white flag, Mr. Filch arrives to convey the news that the Government have capitulated. The Lords can stay in their house; the road will be diverted around it; and the Festival will treat the shop as an exhibit, a memorial to free enterprise. (A Sydney Box Production)



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FACE POWDER — 7 shades with Mousse of Cream. 1/4, 2/5.

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FILM FOUNDATION — lasts all day. Peach, Natural, Tropical. 2/8.

Ask to see the new Tokalon shade card

MARIO LANZA

(Continued from page 3) of Chicago.

He likes to play poker and often catches cold in the East but has yet to get one in California.

He adopted his mother's maiden name for professional purposes. He was born on January 31, and his grandfather's was the one dissenting voice—"Let them rave about Mario's voice. His muscles must be put to work..." And that's how he went to work moving pianos.

He carries no good luck charm, rides horseback fairly well, hopes some day to build a home in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air.

His breakfast, when not dieting, consists of a steak and three eggs, sunny side up. When he's on a diet he takes only black coffee, Italian style, for breakfast.

He has never gone in for winter sports, speaks Spanish, Italian, and, of course, English. His daughter Colleen was born in 1948, and Elissa in 1950.

He prefers mild climates, hates winters and is an excellent swimmer though he cannot go in the water due to an ear condition for which he was discharged from the Army. He is a devoted John Garfield and Tyrone Power fan.

His father was born in Naples and his mother in Abruzzi, Italy. He thinks operas on the screen can be made popular "only if originals are written for the movies or old ones modernised so people can understand them."

He carries his money in every pocket except the customary trousers pocket. He doesn't play checkers, plans to learn chess, and sentimentally displays on the wall of his studio dressing-room the telegram: "The greatest success imaginable on bringing the life of Caruso, your most admired idol, to the world. Your ambitions since childhood are now being realised. May God bless you and keep you well. (Signed) Mom and Pop."

HE wants some day to own a dairy farm in California's Imperial Valley, and has always been dominated by a determination "to be best or nothing." "Whatever it was—I just had to make it."

He likes delicatessens, particularly salami, and he works three and four times a week under voice coach Giacomo Spadoni, the great Caruso's former coach, who is now seventy-three.

He first learned to milk a cow in 1945 at Nyack, New York, while visiting the farm of Robert Weede, Metropolitan Opera star. His father is a disabled veteran of the first World War.

He is extremely nervous and "on edge" just before a performance, he understands but doesn't speak French too well and as a boy was very popular with girls.

His favourite non-operatic melody is "They Didn't Believe Me." He is one-fourth Spanish on his mother's side and this coupled with his adopted name makes him a constant subject of argument among Spanish-speaking peoples who claim him for their own. He enjoys bull-fights in Mexico when on a concert tour.

He owns one of the largest collections of Caruso records, begun by his grandfather. He is very fond of shirts and underwear in silk.

He dreams some day of going to France—"just to see Paris," and his wife deplors his habit of inviting people without letting her know or unexpectedly announcing that "they are going out that night" without advance notice.

He enjoys hillbilly singing. "But it has to be good." He admires most about his wife her "lively, unfailing spirit," and he loves to sing at parties of close friends but quickly freezes up if he suspects that he was invited only to sing.

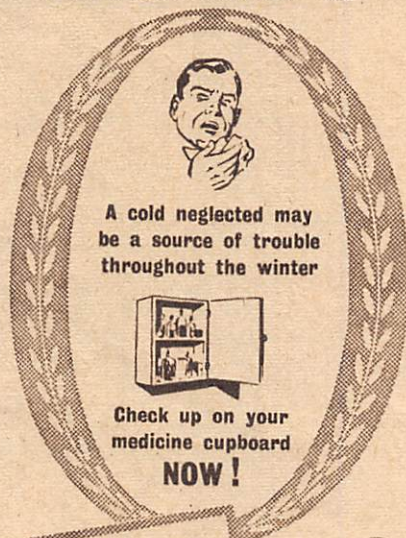
He maintains a completely equipped home gymnasium where he goes in for weight-lifting and boxing. He trains hard to combat a natural tendency to be lazy.

He likes listening to news broadcasts and classical music while driving, has been a soloist with the Boston and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras, and is passionately fond of horse-racing.

He named his first daughter Colleen because he is the only member of his family not to marry an Italian; his wife being Irish he used to greet her with, "How's my little colleen to-night?"

Mario Lanza never ceases to remember his father's axiom oft told him in Italian: "Who goes slowly, goes wholly and goes very far."

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THAT OLD MACRAE MAGIC

(Continued from page 31) briefly, Sheila began going to the theatre, hovering in the wings during rehearsals. And inevitably, Gordon began to resent her possessiveness.

It was Gordon's mother who saved the day, really. "Now that you two are travelling all over the country," she told Sheila wisely, "why don't you map out tours for Gordon's spare time, take in all the points of historical and scenic interest."

It worked. For it gave Sheila a chance to be alone with Gordon. And he, in turn, was even more stimulated by their sight-seeing than he previously had been by the camaraderie of the band.

THERE were money problems too, of course. On more than one occasion after they had checked blithely into a hotel Gordon would be surprised to find he didn't have enough money to get out, whereupon they would wire his mother for funds. Gordon's greatest extravagances were his gifts to Sheila. They were glamorous. But they were real headaches, too, when their purchase meant going without necessities.

His presents to Sheila continue. He's always giving her charms for a bracelet he bought her years ago. The first charm, marking the first movie he made for Warners, is a small camera with a heart superimposed on it that bears the legend, "You are the heart of the work." When he signed his Railroad Hour radio contract Sheila got a tiny gold locomotive. And to celebrate her first role in *Caged* he gave her a gold horseshoe.

They faced their greatest financial difficulties when Gordon went into the Army. Sheila refused to be separated from him. She tried doing a show on Broadway, but

when she found she was going to have a baby she took off for Texas and Gordon and got a job on a local radio station. Meredith was practically born at the mike.

Here their quarrels continued, although Gordon now insists this attitude of Sheila's was largely responsible for keeping their marriage together. One day in Texas, packing for one of their hectic moves from one Army post to another, Sheila lost her wedding ring. When Gordon scolded her for her carelessness she wept and packed. This time, she insisted, she was leaving him for good. She only got a few blocks, however, before she returned for a mutually contrite reconciliation.

All of which, childish as it all was at the time, served to strengthen their characters and build the groundwork for the mature, understanding attitude they have for each other to-day.

It would take time for a woman, as young as Sheila was when she and Gordon married, to weigh his happy-go-easy ways against the breadth and set of his chin—and to accept the fact that he would be easy up to a certain point, and then he would not be fooling. Also, by the same token, that he was a man into whose hands she could put her life and it would be good.

For, above all, Gordon believes in marriage, a man's need of a wife, and his great misfortune when the woman he marries is not the right woman for him.

"I never could describe," he says, "the help Sheila has been in my struggle for recognition as a singer and an actor. I was twenty when we married. I would not—I know it and Sheila must know it too—have made the same progress had I remained a bachelor. For me a young marriage was right.

"I only began to get ahead in my career when I married and settled down—because I had to, not for any loftier reason."

ONE of my favourite MacRae stories concerns a woman star with whom he was scheduled to appear in an early movie. When she saw him she was disappointed in his height—five feet, eleven inches. She would not, she felt, look petite enough by comparison. "Gordon MacRae," she told the director, "must wear lifts."

This was reported to Gordon.

"I understand you think I'm not quite tall enough to play opposite you," he told this star when they met.

"That is correct." She looked down her piquant nose at him.

"But," Gordon could see himself losing the part, "I am five feet eleven. I am not short. I—"

"You will wear lifts—or we will not play together." And she walked away.

"Just a minute!" Only Gordon's eyes, pupils narrow, showed his anger. "I'll make a bargain with you! When your voice gives the audience a lift—then I'll put lifts in my shoes."

They did not play together. But it wasn't Gordon who didn't get the part.

This attitude was perhaps a little brash. But he was scared and he was hurt—and to be brash rather than to give up under such circumstances, is typically Gordon.

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- ★ "I am delighted with the results. Your preparation really does do the things claimed for it and it is such a change to find such a one."
- ★ 3 girls write—"We purchased your Cosmedin a few days ago and were so delighted with the results that we felt we must write and thank you for this wonderful skin lotion. It is, in our estimation, the finest of its kind we have ever used."

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PRAIRIE FLOWER

(Continued from page 15) her brother when they were children. His attempts to say "sister" always wound up "Cyd"—and the nickname has stuck with her ever since.

As a child, Cyd was so thin her parents decided dancing lessons would provide the needed exercise. Cyd's father loved to see her dance. He had a mirror and bar built into her bedroom, and he was her first paying audience. "I was always practising at home, pirouetting around in the middle of the floor, and Daddy would toss me nickels and dimes to keep me dancing," she reminisces.

When Cyd was twelve, her Amarillo teacher advised more advanced training, and her parents settled her in Hollywood with a family friend to study. "We didn't even think of motion pictures. Toumanova was my ideal, the ballet my dream. I thought the greatest thing in this life would be to be a ballerina."

When she was fourteen she was back home on holiday when the late Colonel de Basil, whom she'd met when the Ballet Russe was playing Los Angeles, 'phoned long distance offering her a job with them. Her parents talked it over, and a few days later Cyd and her father were on a train bound for Cincinnati, where she was to join the company.

Just when they were set to sail for Europe, word came that her father was dying. Cyd left for his bedside, the company sailing without her. The following year she rejoined the Ballet. In France she married Nico Charisse, her former teacher, also a member of the company.

She was discovered by motion pictures when David Lichine persuaded her to be his partner in a number for a Columbia musical, *Something to Shout About*. To-day at Metro she's an exciting star property, both as ballerina and dramatic actress.

"I married the only girl in Texas who doesn't have oil," Tony Martin says teasingly to Cyd, but with a spark in his brown eyes that denotes he considers himself far from short-changed.

THEY first met through their mutual friend and agent, Nat Goldstone. Nat arranged for Cyd to be Tony's partner at a dinner he gave at the Bel-Air Hotel. She thought Tony very handsome and romantic-looking, but before the evening was over she tabbed him nice—but not for her.

"T," as she calls him, was just out of the Army, and after having been stationed in far-flung outposts in India, he was eager to catch up on what was new. The party went on to Cyd's to see a new act opening there and Tony kept table-hopping, catching up with old friends. Like any girl, Cyd's typically feminine reaction was a fuming, Well—if this was how he was—if this was how he would act.

When Tony telephoned, inquiring what she'd be doing the following Saturday night, he got a chilly busy signal. Then what about Sunday? he asked. She was very busy Sunday, too, she said. Finally there were no days left. He guessed she just didn't want to go out with him. She was just very busy, she said.

A few months later Nat Goldstone invited her to a preview of *Black Narcissus*, with himself and Mrs. Goldstone. But when the Goldstones arrived, Tony was with them. "That night 'T' was so sweet and charming I completely reversed my opinion."

Tony Jr., born a year ago, somewhat startled his proud parents by having blue eyes and a head of healthy blond hair. "It seems so funny—with both of us so dark. When we go out as a threesome, people are always giving us a surprised how-did-this-happen look," laughs Cyd.

On a rare day off together, the Martins like to "just sit by the pool and sun. Tony loves the sun, and so do I. We just sit there, usually listening to ball games on the radio, until there's no sun left."

Tony is always getting Servicemen into his radio broadcast, and one night recently he and Cyd took two Marines who were standing backstage at the radio station on to Cyd's with them. Cyd danced with them, many stars stopped by their table and met them. At the last accounting these two Marines hadn't come back to earth yet. "We will both be walking on clouds for days," they wrote.

Which is logical enough. Cyd Charisse could believably enough have even a Marine walking on a cloud. And that long, low, howbeit respectful, whistle can be universally understood—from Texas to Teheran.

Why do they **HATE** Hollywood?

(Continued from page 21) could scare the natives with, in this free and easy sartorial city. When his hate turned to terms of endearment for our fair city, I took the trouble to check why, and found that Marlon had tried to crash Hollywood a few years previously and had taken a beating worse than Judy's.

With his pockets loaded with Hollywood dollars and his ears filled with praise, Marlon finally admitted that Hollywood wasn't such a bad place after all.

BUT it isn't always failure at the beginning that causes hatred of Hollywood. Some stars hate it before they have any idea of what we're like; remember James Mason's diatribe to reporters in London and New York. Hollywood was a revolting place, he said in so many thousands and thousands of words.

He gets embarrassed now when you remind him of his pre-Hollywood vitriolic statements. For now only a fool would try to persuade him to live anywhere else.

I never thought that Olivia de Havilland could give us the old heave-ho. But her marriage changed everything.

When Olivia left Hollywood to star on Broadway in *Romeo and Juliet*, she expected to be absent for two years. I'm told that Mr. Goodrich did not allow his wife to read the reviews of the New York critics, so Olivia honestly believed the play closed after only seven weeks because of the high cost of production.

If true, Marcus was unfair to Olivia. You can't live in an ivory tower and give your public what it wants. At any rate, Miss de Havilland is once more reading movie scripts and is graciously prepared to accept the big cinema salary that spells security.

Whether we lose Greer Garson permanently depends on the success or failure of her recent pictures. Greer doesn't hate Hollywood. She's too smart to hate anything that has given her so much. But she's also smart enough to know when to cry "enough." And she does look so beautiful with her white cows and bulls, down on the ranch with her millionaire

husband, Buddy Fogelson.

Sometimes they go away for years, then come back for more of the same—and I do mean money. Rita Hayworth—I really thought she had parted with pictures forever. Oh, how she hated to get up in the morning—to work. But I guess she hated her life in Europe even more. Rita loved Hollywood in the days of her marriages to Ed Judson and Orson Welles. When she parted with the genius, she suddenly had nothing to do or think about here. Her first trip to Europe opened new fascinating vistas where a girl didn't have to do anything, or think at all, and there were so many parties to fill in the long hours. It will be interesting to see how long Rita remains with us.

I'll make a bet that Ingrid Bergman never returns to Hollywood. Even to visit. She was bored with the film city even before Rossellini came into her life. That was why she did her play *Joan of Lorraine* in New York.

But Ingrid hasn't lost her liking for what American currency can do. All of her salary for *Stromboli* was turned into lire in the United States before she received it in Rome. She received a better rate of exchange here.

Restless ladies of Hollywood who find our climate and way of life, shall we say, enervating, include Ava Gardner, Yvonne de Carlo and Joan Fontaine. It's hard to keep track of them: Joan dashes to Europe, to South America, to Europe again, without even making an excuse to herself.

AVA, since she discovered Sinatra and Spain, has been on a non-stop travel circuit, halted only when she comes to earth in Hollywood for a movie. Ava's wings are clipped somewhat because she is under contract to a studio—M-G-M—and she can fly away to spend her salary only when the studio gives the go-away signal.

Yvonne hasn't been the same stay-at-home girl since she made her first trip to Europe after the war. She loves it there, hiding herself in the unpublicised parts of the countries where she can live like a queen on her appetising American dollars.

I hear that Rex Harrison, who said such bitter things about our town not too long ago, now wants to return. Once he spouted, "Hollywood is such a bore—there are no clubs here such as we have in London. Suppose I wanted to meet you at the club—what club? The Beverly Hills Club—it's full of women." So Rex started his own club with David Niven, Herbert Marshall, Robert Coote, and the men of the British film colony. It lasted two weeks. The reason—they missed the women.

But Rex and Lilli liked it here, really. Why not? They had the most beautiful home in Mandeville Canyon.

I don't like this "I hate Hollywood" vogue. Because I love the town. Besides, if you don't put back into the soil what you take from it, the land, in time, becomes barren. That could happen here—but I doubt that it ever will. You see, I don't believe most of the stars who say they hate Hollywood. With few exceptions they always come running back so fast.

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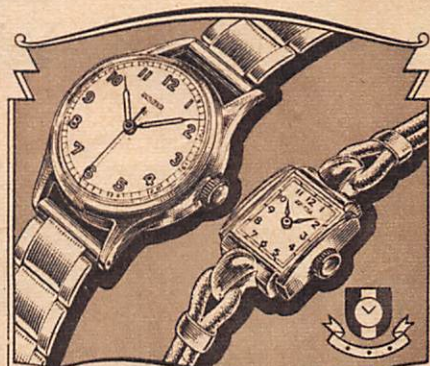
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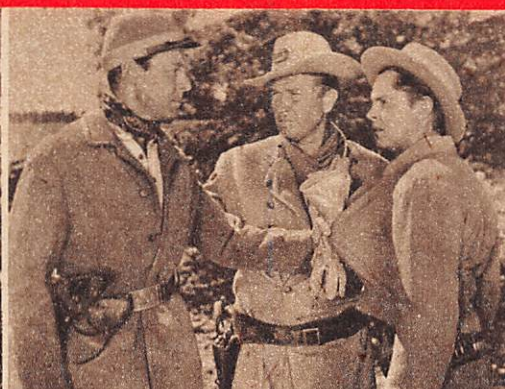
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(123A)

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BEST OF THE BADMEN (Technicolor)



Directed by William D. Russell
American—Certificate

Jeff Clanton Robert Ryan
Lily Fowler Claire Trevor
Bob Younger Jack Buettel
Matthew Fowler Robert Preston
Doc Butcher Walter Brennan
Cole Younger Bruce Cabot
Curly Ringo John Archer
Jesse James Lawrence Tierney
Joad Barton MacLane
Frank James Tom Tyler
Jim Younger Bob Wilke
John Younger John Cliff
Lieutenant Lee MacGregor
Oscar Emmett Lynn

This is an exciting and picturesque story of the lawless days in the Cherokee Strip following the Civil War.

Ryan plays a Union officer who persuades a group of outlaws, formerly in Quantrell's Confederate command, to surrender, take the oath of allegiance and get a fresh start in life. Preston, as an unscrupulous detective anxious to collect rewards offered for the capture of the bandits, unsuccessfully tries to interfere, and in revenge has Ryan framed on a murder charge and sentenced to death.

He escapes with the help of Preston's bitter and disillusioned wife, as played by Miss Trevor, and, with a price on his head, joins the outlaw group in order to strike back at Preston. (RKO)

MY FAVOURITE SPY



Directed by Norman Z. McLeod
American—Certificate U

Eric Augustine } Bob Hope
Peanuts White } Hedy Lamarr
Lily Dalbray Francis Sullivan
Karl Brubaker Arnold Moss
Tasso Mike Mazurki
Monkara Stephen Chase
Bailey Luis Van Rooten
Hoening

Bob Hope plays the dual role of Peanuts White, American burlesque comic, and Eric Augustine, notorious European spy. Government security agents have been following Augustine for months, hoping he will lead them to a German scientist who possesses a piece of microfilm containing the plans for a new secret war weapon. When Augustine is shot on the eve of his departure for Tangier, where he was scheduled to purchase the film for a million dollars, the government men send the burlesque comedian in his place.

Masquerading as Augustine, Hope arrives in Tangier, meets Hedy Lamarr and Francis L. Sullivan, portraying foreign agents who are also seeking the film. Since Augustine is the only one who knows what the German looks like, everybody trails Hope. He eventually contacts the scientist and gets hold of the film. This starts a series of exciting and hilarious complications which end happily as Bob rounds up the foreign agents and convinces Hedy to give up spying and settle down to a peaceful life with a burlesque comic in Hackensack, New Jersey. (Paramount)

ON GENERAL RELEASE

DETECTIVE STORY

Directed by William Wyler

American—Certificate X

Detective James McLeod Kirk Douglas

Mary McLeod, his wife Eleanor Parker

Detective Lou Brody, his partner,

William Bendix

A shoplifter Lee Grant

Detective Dakis Bert Freed

Detective Gallagher Frank Faylen

Detective Callahan William (Bill) Phillips

Detective O'Brien Grandon Rhodes

Joe Feinson, a police reporter, Luis Van Rooten

Arthur Kindred Craig Hill

Susan Carmichael Cathy O'Donnell

Lt. Monaghan, commanding officer

21st Squad Horace McMahon

Endicott Sims, attorney .. Warner Anderson

Karl Schneider George Macready

Charles Gennini, first "cat burglar"

Joseph Wiseman

Lewis Abbott, second "cat burglar"

Michael Strong

Detective Story concerns one action-packed night in a New York district police station, centring around Kirk Douglas, as a tough detective who has such a hatred of criminals that it is almost a mania.

There is a dramatic exposé of his wife's former association with a discredited doctor. There are two cat-burglars who make a dash for freedom; a romance between an ex-soldier, who gets into trouble, and his childhood neighbour; and a pathetic shoplifter.

(Paramount)



DALLAS (Technicolor)

Directed by Stewart Heisler

American—Certificate U

Blayde Hollister Gary Cooper

Tonia Ruth Roman

Bryant Marlow Steve Cochran

Will Marlow Raymond Massey

Flo Barbara Payton

Martin Weatherby Leif Erickson

Felipe Antonio Moreno

Matt Coulter Jerome Cowan

Wild Bill Hickok Reed Hadley

Luis Gil Donaldson

Cullen Marlow Zon Murray

Judge Harper Will Wright

The Sheriff Monte Blue

Jason Trask Byron Keith

Carlos Jose Dominguez

Dink Steve Dunhill

Gary Cooper and Ruth Roman are teamed in this Western.

The frontier town of Dallas, Texas, in the days following the Civil War, is the scene of much gun shooting, fast riding, outlawry and lovemaking. Gary plays an ex-Confederate colonel who is in Texas for the sole purpose of taking some deadly potshots at three Yankee outlaws (Raymond Massey, Zon Murray and Steve Cochran) who have their greedy eyes on Ruth Roman's rich ranch. Seems that Steve burned Gary's home and killed his family back in Georgia.

Rugged, taciturn Gary takes over the identity of the new U.S. Marshal (Leif Erickson) sent out from Boston. Takes over his girl Ruthie, too. (Warners)



ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE



Directed by Raoul Walsh
American—Certificate A

<i>Len Merrick</i>	Kirk Douglas
<i>Ann Keith</i>	Virginia Mayo
<i>Billy Shear</i>	John Agar
<i>Pop Keith</i>	Walter Brennan
<i>Lou Gray</i>	Ray Teal
<i>Frank Newcombe</i>	Hugh Sanders
<i>Ed Roden</i>	Morris Ankrum
<i>Dan Roden</i>	James Anderson
<i>The Judge</i>	Charles Meredith

In this Western melodrama Kirk Douglas plays a frontier marshal who saves a friendly old cattle rustler, Walter Brennan, from a hanging.

Rich rancher Morris Ankrum accuses the old man of murdering his favourite son, and he and his other son, James Anderson, are ready to take the law into their hands. Kirk and his two deputies, John Agar and Ray Teal, take Walter off to prison, pursued by the would-be lynchers, across as wide and as hot a stretch of desert as the screen has seen since Gregory Peck sweated across the sands in *Yellow Sky*.

Virginia Mayo plays Walter's gun-shooting daughter, and naturally the marshal falls for her. This is Kirk's first Western, and he gives a good account of himself as a U.S. officer and a stickler for the law.

This picture was made on location near Lone Pine, California, favourite spot of hundreds of Westerns. Near Lone Pine are the remains of an ancient mountain range, known as the Alabama hills, which have been called the "oldest hills in the world." (Warners)

THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBER



Directed by Peter Godfrey
American—Certificate A

<i>Dennis</i>	David Brian
<i>Martha</i>	Marjorie Reynolds
<i>Sampter</i>	John Archer
<i>Mrs. Vinson</i>	Jacqueline De Wit
<i>Brenda</i>	Alice Talton
<i>Peggy</i>	Perdita Chandler
<i>Capt. Ryan</i>	Robert B. Williams
<i>Altman</i>	Warren Douglas
<i>Rogers</i>	John Morgan
<i>Benson</i>	Bigelow Sayre

Based on the true criminal experiences of a ruthless young hoodlum who robbed romantically but efficiently all the way from Canada to Beverly Hills in 1947 and 1948, this picture is thrilling and full of suspense. The girls used by the elusive Raffles are a Canadian schoolgirl, played by Claudia Barrett, a gunmoll, played by Perdita Chandler, a nurse who tips off the cops, played by Marjorie Reynolds, a sexy career girl, played by Alice Talton, and a wealthy society divorcee played by Jacqueline de Wit. The role of the mayor of New Rochelle, New York, is played by Stanley Church, the mayor of New Rochelle, New York. Columnist Harry Crocker and Columnist and Photoplay writer Sheilah Graham have their moments, brief but effective. (Warners)



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Larry Parks

★ QUESTION: What has happened to our actors and actresses? "Stars" certainly seems to be a more appropriate name, for, like a star, they twinkle for a time and then fade into oblivion.

"Beauty contests" are held and the winner is offered a contract. Film producers and directors have nightmares trying to find a suitable story, the script writers work hard on the dialogue, the new star shines for a brief time and then disappears into the background.

Are the days gone when an actor or actress could, helped by the skill of the make-up experts, be found to play any part?—Miss Barbour, 628 Holburn Street, Aberdeen.

ANSWER: I agree with you that the publicity given to a comparatively unknown man or girl is often quite out of proportion to their talents.

This does not pay in the long run, for without real ability would-be stars cannot, and do not, stay at the top.

I felt I must write to you about background music. I find that when I am watching an American film I can really enjoy the accompanying music. It always seems to fit into the moods and actions of the film without drowning the voices of the actors and actresses.

On the other hand, the background music of British films is nearly always so loud that the voices cannot be heard, and often is introduced at just the wrong moment. Unless our studios learn from the Americans how to improve this, there are going to be many more complaints.—Mrs. Carol Milne, 61 Danebury Drive, Acomb, York.

Unfortunately I think that your remarks in some cases are justified. The problem is, however, a highly technical one, and there is no single solution. Much depends on studio conditions as well as on the nature of the theme to be conveyed and enhanced by the music.

Can you tell me why producers rarely make pictures about middle-class life. I am sure larger audiences would be drawn if people saw more characters and places that they feel they know.—Miss Cox, 13 Price Lane, Bilston, Staffs.

Perhaps this type of film is often avoided because producers are convinced by experience that many people go to the cinema to get away from everyday life.

On the other hand, a certain number of films are made about ordinary people, and some of them achieve popularity. To name only a few—Dance Hall, Millions Like Us, Hue and Cry, Brief Encounter and Passport to Pimlico.

Why is it that so many old films are being shown in our cinemas? I have seen, fairly recently, Ray Milland in *Tropical Holiday*, in which he looked like a young boy. There are many more films of this sort being re-issued. Surely it would be more beneficial to both renters and cinema owners to show old films the public wish to see.—Mrs. Cochrane, Moorfield House, Durham Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

One of the biggest snags about re-issuing old films is that they so often appear dated. The people responsible for these re-issues want to please as many cinema-goers as possible, but it is almost inevitable that you should not like some of the films they choose, though they may please others. Sometimes, too, films made only two or three years ago that are in general demand are not available for a number of different reasons, both technical and financial.

Please can you tell me when Larry Parks's next film will be shown. Is it likely that another "Jolson" film will be made?—Miss Rooke, 4 Dingle Hollow, Romiley, Stockport.

Larry has made a film called *The Light Fantastic*, with Elizabeth Taylor, but, at the time of writing, there is no release date for it. There are no more "Jolson" films being planned at present.

Can you please tell me where Oskar Werner, who appeared in *Decision Before Dawn*, was born?—Miss Sullivan, 206 St. Leonard's Road, London, E.14.

Oskar was born in Vienna, where he was educated and first appeared on the stage.

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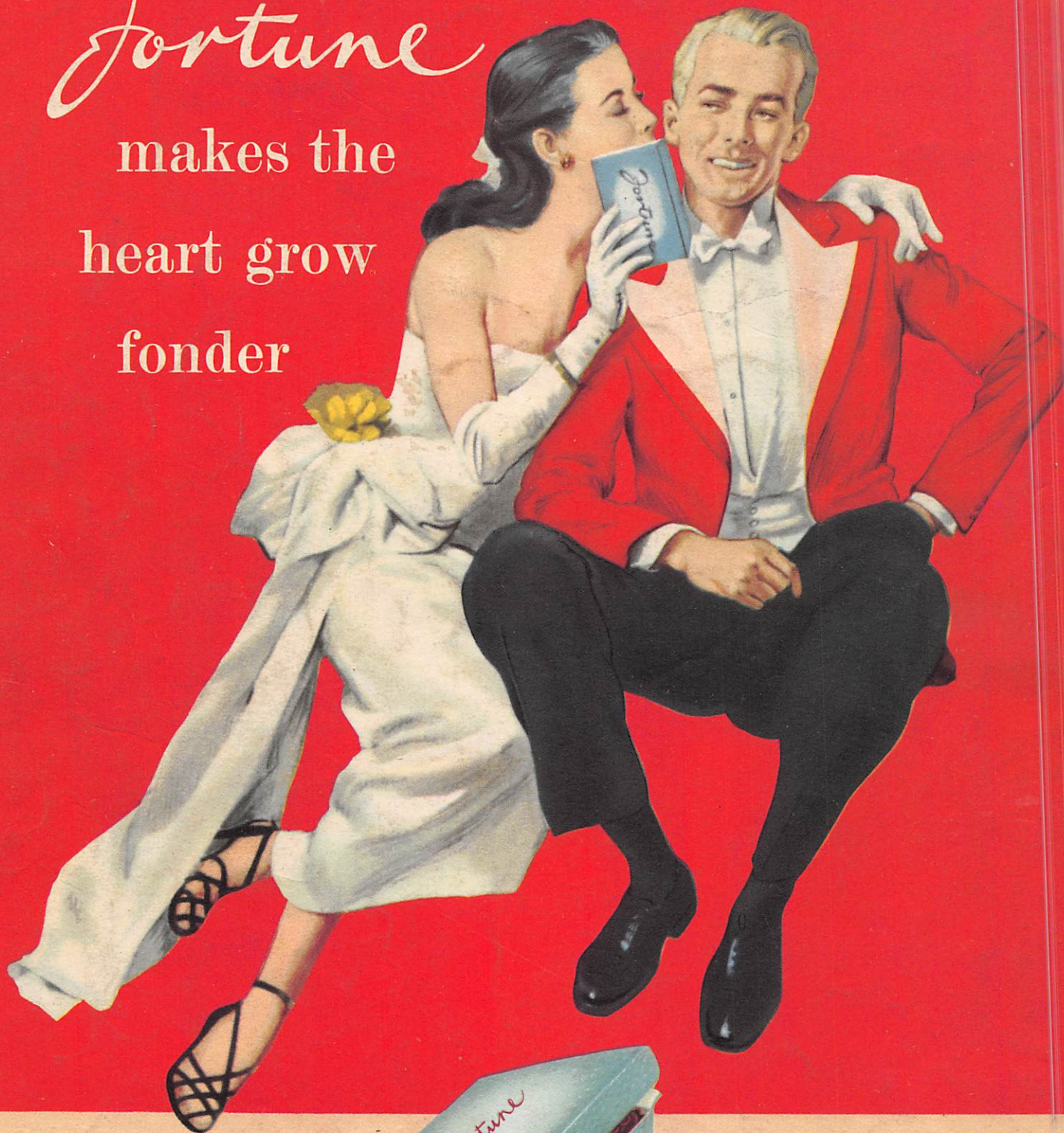
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